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MRS. LESLIE CARTER'S LATEST TROUBLES

Bankruptcy Proceedings of Woman Married in Portsmouth

Two years ago this month, Mrs. Leslie Carter the famous actress, startled the theatrical world by her marriage in this city.

She appeared before the United States commissioner in New York recently on a petition of bankruptcy. Mrs. Carter says she is without funds and deeply in debt. Her story to the court was that when for a second time she took a company out under her own personal supervision in November, 1907, the venture rested upon slim props.

"We had little more than our railroad fares," said the actress, "when we took the road. It had cost us a lot of money, too, to get the scenery out of storae. The tour was not a profitable one. In fact, we had a loss."

Mrs. Carter said that she has a claim for $16,000 against Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager, and that David Belasco has been owing her money for a long time.

While she is declared to be in penury, her former husband, a Chicago millionaire with vast traction interests in that city, is mentally incompetent and his affairs are now in the hands of a conservator for the reason that he is unfit to control his great wealth.

On July 13, 1906, with the greatest secrecy, Mrs. Carter came to Portsmouth with William L. Payne of New York, a thirty-three year old student and son of Alfred T. Payne, an artist. They were married at St. John's Episcopal rectory and Mrs. Carter had her age put down as thirty. In reality she was nearer fifty. Asked by Rev. Henry E. Hovey if it was her first marriage, she said yes. She gave her name as Caroline L. Dudley, and the clergyman did not imagine that she was "Mrs. Leslie Carter," the actress.

Meanwhile Mr. Carter had kept on amassing money, but his health was gradually breaking down. Today at fifty-four he is a mental wreck, but still wealthy. On the other hand, the impetuous emotional woman who was once his wife and who has won the personally expressed praise of the King of England by her passionate acting is down to penury, but still rich in charms and talents.

THIEF DESCRIBED

Dover police believe that they have somewhat of a description of the bicycle thief who has been operating in that city and is believed to be the same one who worked in Newburyport and Dover. He is said to be a smooth-faced individual between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and wearing a light suit and hat.

Tuesday's happenings at Malden, Mass., where two bicycles were taken, indicated that the thief may have gone back to Massachusetts.

The cool weather of the past two days has driven the flies into the houses. The cry among physicians now is death to the flies, which they claim are a great disease breeder.

TWO WOMEN BEFORE THE POLICE COURT

A Large Grist Ground Out in the Legal Mill of Judge Simes

Deaf and Dumb Man and Alleged Sneak Thief are Both Bound Over

A large variety of sinners was before Judge Simes in police court today and the docket consisted of trouble of all kinds.

The ladies appeared in the first act only.

Mary Atherton was attending a pink tea on Charles street on Tuesday, where the guests chased the duck several times during the function. Mary wore her sheath gown and jealousy came to the surface among the guests. Later she was transferred to the city hotel in a job wagon and told told the court she was not guilty of intoxication. In talking it over with the court Mary objected to the fancy menu at the county farm and requested that she be allowed to pass a few weeks with Sheriff Collis. The court did not grant her wish and she will have to be contented with sixty days at the farm.

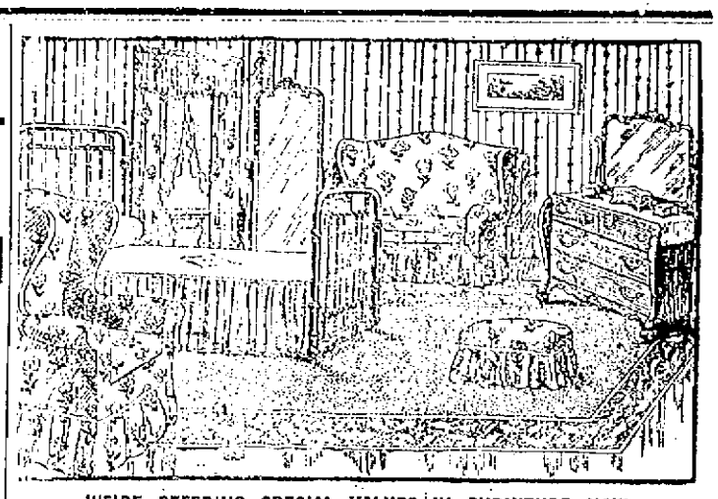
Mrs. Helen Milano of Boston came down on Tuesday and made several calls in the Italian colony. She was still calling at midnight when Officer Seymour found her on Market street. Before she returns to the Hub she will have to hand over $5 and costs of $6.13.

Patrick Harrington, drunk, thirty days at farm and costs of $6.90.

John Hammond, a deaf and dumb man who claims he is a resident of Lowell, Mass., and who was arrested on Tuesday charged with an unnatural act was held by the court for the grand jury in October. The court did not name the bonds required at the time of the hearing but will give the figures later.

William E. Jewell of Bridgewater, brought here from Springfield on Tuesday on a charge of larceny of money from Miss Mary Mullin, was brought to the Haven House and arraigned, owing to the plaintiff being unable to appear in the municipal court room. He was represented by counsel and pleaded not guilty. On the evidence submitted, he was held for the October term of superior court and and bail placed at $200.

John McKenzie, another drunk who needed the service of an auxiliary patrol wagon, was let down with a fine of $1 and costs of $5.36.



WE'RE OFFERING SPECIAL VALUES IN FURNITURE NOW.

The last two months have been very busy months for us and now we find that we have to rearrange our stocks in order to carry on business as our policy demands that we should. This means that will have to hurriedly dispose of certain lines.

Call and get your share of these exceptional offerings

Margeson Bros.

New Store, - - 19-21 Vaughan St

MAYBE IT WAS HIS REGULAR JOB

General Bicycle Thievery Charged Against Fellow in Jail at Portsmouth

Yesterday Deputy Chief of Police Logan of Lawrence came here to look up something regarding John Burns, the alleged bicycle thief who is in jail awaiting trial in the superior court for stealing a wheel in this city.

With Logan came a pawnbroker who had done business with Burns and he positively identified him as the man who has been stealing wheels in Lawrence. The day before Burns came here three wheels were stolen in that city and Burns is connected by the police with the job.

In Lawrence he went under the name of Burke and whichever it is the police are satisfied that he is safer where he is than at large.

It is the opinion of the officers that he has been working in the different cities where many valuable bikes are missing and that he is one of a gang who have done such wholesale work.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Three wiremen were required in the equipment department today.

The reception and dancing assembly on Tuesday evening was a smart affair and brought together a large and joyful party in army and navy circles on both sides of the river. The decorations for the occasion and the striking gowns of the ladies made it a real summer scene and one of the most delightful gatherings held at the reservaaton in recent years.

Capt. A. V. Zane, who will relieve Capt. J. R. Edwards as head of the department of steam engineering next month, will pass a few weeks at the White Mountains before beginning his duties at this yard.

Time has been extended by the department to complete the work on the Dubuque. The department recently ordered the vessel ready by August 8 and now names August 18 as the date.

The new fifty-foot turbine cutter will have a trial over the regular course along the Eliot shore this afternoon.

The Turbine Club of the U. S. S. Chester has some fast athletes in the outfit, especially in the boxing line, and some of the ship's scrappers would like to meet a few of the local artists with the mits.

A member of the marine guard who recently jumped the post and later gave himself up in Detroit is up for a court martial hearing today.

The tug Nezinscot will return on Friday to Cape Elizabeth to bring back the yard crew of riggers now working there.

The crew who hung the elaborate decorations in the sail loft on Tuesday are certainly artistic in that line and their handiwork has called forth much praise on all sides.

Something should be done in the way of work on the two colliers. Perhaps the department will wait until twenty or thirty days before they are wanted, and then there will be a grand rush.

PERSONALS

Miss Margaret Leach is the guest of friends in Dorchester.

James Pettigrew and family of Pearl street enjoyed an outing at Bayside Tuesday.

Mrs. Dawson, who has resided in Portsmouth the past few years, has moved to Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Beach of Boston has arrived at Hampton and will occupy her cottage there the rest of the season.

Edgar Leighton, cashier of the National bank at Somersworth, passed Sunday with relatives here.

Orintha, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Harry Chick of Porter street, is out again after a severe run of typhoid fever.

Mrs. James W. Watkins of Marcy street passed Tuesday at Hedding, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Irving of Somerville.

Rear Admiral Francis H. Delano and wife arrived this morning from Washington, D. C., and are at 50 Highland street for the balance of the summer.

THE CLUB HAD A MEETING

She Lock Out Gents' Club was royally entertained by one of their active members on Tuesday evening when the regular monthly meeting was held. Preparations were made for a moonlight trip to the beach later.

Geo. B. French Co

MID-SUMMER SPECIALS IN OUR MANY DEPARTMENTS

Ladies' Neckwear

Gibson Collars, new lot just received, baby Irish, embroidered batiste, linen, etc.....
25c, 29c, 42c, 75c and 1.00 ea

New Beltings

Persian Beltings, 2 in. wide.....1.25 yd
Moire Beltings, 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 in. in width, all colors.....
35c to 55c yd

New Elastic Belts

Black, Navy, Brown, Tan and Green Silk Elastic Belting with choice Metal Buckle, choice.....50c

Children's Parasols

All colors and styles, at.....
25c, 38c, 50c, 75c

Children's Sox

Fancy top, plaids and checks, here at.....25 pr

Need An Umbrella?

26 inch steel rod, fast black, English gloria, fancy horn and metal handles, special value at.....1.00

Columbia Yarns

Germantown, 4 and 8 fold
Shetland Floss
Shetland Wool
German Knitting Yarn
Saxony
Pompadour Wool
Eider Down Wool
Full line of colors

Persiana Embroidery Floss, all colors, 2 balls for.....5c

Lustrous Filo.....10c ball

Art Cretonnes

New line, fine range of colors and patterns.....
10c, 12 1-2c, 19c, 29c yd

Utility Boxes

Covered with fine art taffeta.....
3.50 and 5.00 each

New Drapery Silks

30 inches wide, all new patterns....59c yd

Summer Glassware

Colonial Iced Tea Glasses.....95c doz
Colonial Table Tumblers.....1.00 doz
Sherbet Glasses, many new styles, at 75c, 88c, 1.25, 1.50 per set of 6
Colonial Water Jugs.....35c, 50c and 60c
Glass Berry Sets at.....85c each

Summer China

Salad Plates, new rosebud decoration.....
1.50 for set of 6
Ramikins.....25c each
Boullion Cups.....25c each
Chop Set, 1 large dish and 6 chop plates, new rosebud decoration.....2.25 set

In Our Annex Store

Fine Stationery, box or pound
Tablets, Pens, Inks, Envelopes
Blank Books
Souvenir Postal Cards
Fancy Art Views
Passepartout Pictures
Dennison's Lunch Sets
Crepe Paper
Paul E. Wirt's Fountain Pens
Magazines and Periodicals

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

Geo. B. French Co

ANOTHER DECISION ON YORK BRIDGE

Will Be Given By County Commissioners Today In Favor Of Petitioners

The York County Commissioners before whom a hearing was held last week on the obstructing of the highway across the new bridge at York Harbor, were expected to give a decision on Tuesday, but sent word that they would not give it until today.

The Commissioners have had the facts before them, and the petition of the citizens of both the Harbor and the Eastern side, for the opening of the bridge.

From a most reliable source it is learned that the decision favors the petitioners and that it will carry with it an order from the Commissioners to the Board of Selectmen to open the road to travel or they will. Forty-eight hours will be given in which to carry out the order and if it is not done in that time the Commissioners will lower the draw, take down the fences at the end of the new bridge, and place a draw tender in charge of the bridge, and charge the cost onto the towns taxes.

In this case as in all others the Selectmen of the town have been beaten on every point they have stubornly raised on the bridge. The decision of the Maine law court which was to have been made the first of the month has been put over and will be given possibly next month.

On Thursday a hearing will be held in York on the case of Contractor Blaisdell against Treasurer Mitchell of the town, a suit to compel him to pay over the contract price of the bridge. This will be before one of the Maine Supreme Court Judges, and will be short.

HE EVEN TOOK TENT

Raid Made on Camp of Two Kittery Men on the Piscataqua

A few days ago the tent occupied by Roscoe Williams and H. E. Gunnison on the banks of the river in Kittery was raided and a raincoat, clock and other articles stolen.

People living nearby were asked to watch out for the thief who, not satisfied with his first visit, came back on Tuesday prepared for bigger game. He arrived in a boat about 2 p. m. and immediately took down the tent, ropes and poles, leaving nothing but the wooden flooring.

Just as he was about ready to load the summer home of Williams and Gunnison into the boat he was captured by John Williams and later locked up at Kittery.

The young man said he was a resident of Christian Shore and admitted all the stealing. The articles were recovered and the owners did not push the case against him. The local police think they have reason to look him up on some crooked work performed in Portsmouth.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TO REMAIN A WEEK

Captain Winslow of the battleship New Hampshire writes that he expects to reach here on August 5 and will remain about a week. It will be good news to all our people to learn that the big ship is to remain here for such a long time. This insures the arrival of the training squadron before the battleship sails.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers reply on Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

Electric Light Would Have Prevented This

Can You Afford to Take the Chance?

"BURNS CAUSE DEATH

"Miss Mary Hamilton of 19 Gold street, South Boston, died in the City Hospital early yesterday forenoon from burns she received shortly after midnight by the exploding of a lamp."—*Boston Journal, May 28th.*

You can burn an electric lamp four hours for one cent

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT AND POWER CO.

J. S. WHITAKER, Supt.

INVESTIGATING THE DOG FISH

Massachusetts Commission Are Now At Work On What To Do With Sea Wolves

From Boston the members of the Massachusetts Department of Fisheries and Game started Tuesday morning to investigate the despised dogfish, under a resolve passed by the last Legislature, which appropriated a sum not exceeding ten thousand dollars for this purpose. Their investigations probably will occupy the rest of the summer, and labratory work will be continued probably until the next meeting of the General Court, when they will make a report, if their investigations warrant, although they are not compelled to finish work then.

For the present the commissioners will only "read up" on the subject visit the marine labratory at Woods Hole and obtain as much information as possible about the habits and haunts of this wolf of the deep. Later on they will experiment with methods, to determine the economic value of dogfish as a source of oil, glue or fertilizer. They will also make such experiments and investigations as they may see fit to determine how to keep dogfish in check and to induce fishermen to engage in the dogfish industry, in order that a now worthless and destructive fish may be converted into an article of value.

The task before the commissioners is no easy one. The dogfish hunt in packs, destroying annually many thousands of dollars worth of useful food fish. It is easy to catch them, because when they are around they drive other fish away, and are afflicted with a perpetual hunger. Fishing for dogfish is not calculated, at present to attract fishermen. Rather it incites to profanity. If the Commission can find some profitable commercial method of turning dogfish into useful oils or fertilizers or glue, however, a market would be provided for those incidentally caught, and possibly factories for the conversion process might be established along the Massachusetts coast. The fish have appeared in great numbers in Buzzards Bay, and are at present a nuisance to fishermen. There are people who say the dogfish is good to eat, but these people are not epicures, and they do not deny that the fish eaten by the dogfish is a great deal better than the dogfish itself.

Considerable work has been done at the Marine Biological Labratory at Woods Hole in studying the dogfish, and the United States Fish Commission has also given some time to investigation of these small sharks which attain a length of three feet. The State commission will have the benefit of all this work but on its own account, particularly in relation to the commercial disposition of the dogfish. The members are entering into the work with enthusiasm, however, and have faith in the resolve of the Legislature, which was designed to create an important industry in Massachusetts.

Soda Crackers that crackle as good Soda Crackers should

Uneeda Biscuit

With meals—for meals—between meals

5¢ *In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE SEABROOK AUTOMOBILE TRAP

In Fine Working Order Again This Year and the Town Making Money on the Scheme

The Seabrook automobile trap, about which so much was said last year, is in working order again this year, but the authorities are not making the hand they did last summer. The fact that there is a trap in the town is known in every hotel and auto garage on the coast, and warning signs are everywhere displayed to that effect. Monday when the Glidden tourists went through Seabrook a trap a mile long was laid outside of the town, but still in the limit and it was expected that a rich haul would be made, but several men warned the first cars and then remained on guard to warn all of the cars until they were through the town. Being warned in time the machines crawled through the town and gave the town officers the laugh.

THE ELM BEETLE DOING GREAT DAMAGE

The Elm Beetle is proving to be one of the most destructive pests that this city has had to contend with for some time. They are very thick about the city and very few of the big elm trees but what are affected. The only way of exterminating the pest is to spray the leaves, and in Massachusetts boiling water is being used with good effect. The beetles attack the leaves of the tree from the under side and in a short time will take off all of the foliage.

SEA COAST GOLF LEAGUE

It is very likely that the Sea Coast golf league, which has been in existence for several years, will be formed this year from but three clubs. That is York Country Club, Abenaqui Golf Club and Portsmouth Country Club. Wentworth house has been a member, but has withdrawn owing to the lack of players. It is possible that the first game will be played at York between the Portsmouth and York Country Clubs.

WORK WANTED

Odd jobs of all description, such as beating carpets, sawing wood, caring for cemetery lots, preparing and planting gardens, and trimming bushes a specialty, wanted by a reliable man. Orders can be left at No. 27 South street or telephoned to Tel. Number 319-3 and they will receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM P. GARDNER.
27 South street.

ENGAGGEMENT ANNOUNCED

The engagement is announced of Harold P. Knowlton of Malden, manager of the Ocean Wave house, and Miss Beatrice Berry of Rye, a teacher in the Whipple school of this city.

There were several from this city, who attended a dancing party at New Castle last evening.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY

Dates Selected by State Association for This Year's Collections

George H. Leighton of Monadnock, chairman of the committee of the New Hampshire Sunday Hospital Association, has notified the Herald that August 16 in the towns and country and Nov. 29 in the cities, are the dates for this year's collections.

Collections were made last year in seventy-five hotels and churches resulting in $1,265 being distributed among the hospitals of the state. Of this sum, the Portsmouth Cottage Hospital received $150, the Exeter Cottage Hospital $50 and the Wentworth Hospital at Dover $70.

YORK BEACH

Letter Carrier Michael A. Cronin has returned to his work at Manchester, N. H., leaving his family at the beach for a few more weeks.

Six pretty maids from Baltimore, clad in bathing attire so scant as to make them the objects of many sidelong glances, attracted the attention of two almost-constables as they lay on the beach Tuesday afternoon. The display of shapely forms so shocked the inartistic minds of the two gentlemen that the girls were peremptorily ordered to report before Trial Justice Hilbert in the local court in the morning. The six girls were glad enough to get off so easily, or the glaring badges of the two men, which bore the word constable in letters of large size, had filled them with visions of dark dungeons and gloomy cells, and they hurried off to don more conventional attire. During the evening the father of one of the girls decided to look into the matter a little more closely, so he called at the York police station, and then it was that the discovery was made that the two men were not constables and had no authority to pass upon the dress of bathers. Investigation revealed that the men had been about for some days passing themselves off as officers of the law. Today the real officers are looking for their impersonators, while the six pretty maids from Baltimore are breathing more freely and preparing for another appearance in the same bathing costumes when the sun shines again.

ACCOMMODATING.

Earlie—Ma, can't I go to the circus and see the wild man?

His Ma—No, child, but I'll do the best I can for you. I'll iron all the button holes out of your father's shirts.

There Was a Maid.

There was a maid
Who owned a spade
Which she called by its proper name.
She laid it down
When the time came 'round—
She did not renege in the game.
—Lippincott's.

Bobby Was Curious.

Little Bobby was leaning over the bridge gazing down into the clear waters of the lake.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed suddenly, "what kind of fish are those swimming over there?"

"My son," replied his father, "that is a school of German carp."

Bobby was thoughtful.

"A school, pa? And do they have German lessons?"—Chicago Daily News.

Hurrying Cupid.

"I'd like to buy a parlor sofa," announced the old gentleman with the gold-rimmed glasses. "My daughter has started receiving company from a young man."

"Ah, here is just what you want, sir," responded the polite clerk. "This will last a lifetime."

"Then it won't suit. Show me one that will wear out in six months. I don't believe in long engagements."—Chicago Daily News.

Easy Order to Fill.

Dealer—Dogs! Yes, we have all the finest breeds sir, any number of prize—

Customer—Oh, I don't want any of the costly, ultrafashionable breeds. I want a common dog, a regular street cur, something that will be a nuisance to the neighbors.

Dealer—Um—well, they'll all be that.—New York Weekly.

Tit for Tat.

"Deuced bore, that fellow is. He always talks for about an hour about that baby of his, doesn't he?"

"Never did to me. Always leaves in about five minutes."

"Gee! How do you work it?"

"I duano. I always read him a little of my poetry, and—"—Cleveland Leader.

Lovely Time.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop-Partington, "we had a lovely time in Venice. There are no cabs there, you know, because the streets are full of water. One hires a chandelier and he rows you about in a dongola."

Placing Leather Belting.

In putting up leather belting be sure to place the hair side next to the pulley. It not only clings to the pulley better, but will wear much longer.

INSURANCE
of Every Description

Auto Liability Insurance.....

Are you protected? Place in the

Aetna Life Insurance Co.
Liability and Accident Dept.
of Hartford, Conn.

Personal accident policies of all kinds.

E. P. Stoddard
---Phone 627---
16 Market Square

LORE OF THE FRYING PAN.

Why This Method of Cooking Is So Often Unsatisfactory.

Probably more false economy is shown in methods of frying than in any other form of cookery. Cooking in a little fat is not frying and among cooks is called sauteing, a word adapted from the French saute, meaning to cook in a little fat. This method, which to the amateur seems the easiest and is most generally practiced, is what has brought the frying pan and fried foods into just disrepute. It is almost impossible to heat the fat without scorching it and to cook in this way often means merely to partially burn the food.

If cooking one side of a slice of fish, for instance, is accomplished successfully, when it is turned over, the cooked side, now the upper side, cooks rapidly. The surplus fat on its surface must soak in and cannot be drained off afterward; the sides of the slice also are not seared immediately and soak more or less fat. It takes more fat to saute than to fry in deep fat, for whatever is not absorbed by the food is wasted, as it is scorched more or less and mingled with bits of food. It is usually scraped into the kitchen waste. The fact has been proven many times by carefully weighing fat used and amount left over, after both deep frying and sauteing, that the least is wasted in frying in a large amount that gives complete immersion.

Slices of fish, either egged and crumbed, or rolled in flour or meal, are fit for an epicure when cooked in deep fat in a frying basket and served unbroken. The average sauted slice of fish needs a good deal of fixing to make it look well and a robust appetite to enjoy its mussiness.

The best fat for frying is a question asked almost as often as what baking powder is the best. If we could have olive oil cheap enough it would be an ideal fat, but the best available frying medium is acknowledged by a majority of the best cooks to be good lard. If prejudice is strong against lard, use any of the substitutes in the market. Many of these are composed of vegetable oils and beef suet and to use them successfully one must follow directions closely as given by the manufacturers, for a vegetable oil will be hot enough to fry before it smokes or shows the blue vapor required in lard. Lard is the medium on which all American rules for frying are based. Some cooks for economy's sake add one third beef suet and affirm that it is not noticed in the taste of the article fried, but beef suet is liable to detection wherever used as a substitute for other fats.

BEST METHOD OF DUSTING.

Household Duty That Is Not as Simple as It Seems.

The proper method of dusting furniture has to be learned. It does not come naturally.

Girls rarely begin with a duster in each hand, which is absolutely necessary to success; one in the left hand is needed to prevent leaving finger-marks when lifting and steadying the furniture.

Each piece should be wiped lightly from the top downward to remove dust, and after the duster has been shaken out of the window, not over the carpet, the place should be rubbed again between the two dusters with both hands. This is a saving of time and insures all sides being equally bright. A damp cloth is the best of all dusters, although many women will not use one, claiming that it injures the polish on the furniture. This objection is absurd, for if the cloth is clean the moisture will not harm the furniture.

It may remove the gloss, but this can easily be brought back when the surface of the wood is dry by rubbing hard with a dry, soft cloth.

The advantage is that instead of allowing the dust to fly about the room it is all gathered on the cloth, which keeps it from settling anywhere else.

When using the damp duster only go over a small space at one time, rinse the cloth well and there will be no danger of injuring the woodwork.

Halibut Salad.

Boil a fine cut of fresh halibut. Cod in cheese cloth, in salted water until tender. Pick it up thoroughly, marinate and keep it on ice until the time of serving. Then mix it with mayonnaise dressing, place it on lettuce and decorate it with radishes and olives, as desired.

This salad is difficult to distinguish from that made of crab meat and is much less apt to make the partaker ill.

Coffee Mousse.

Whip one pint sweet cream until stiff, then add a half cup very strong coffee well sweetened. Stir gently together, then turn into the mold, cover tightly first with a sheet of paraffin paper, then with the cover of the mold, and bury in ice and salt. Throw a piece of old carpet over the freezer and let rest about four hours. This will serve six persons.

Mend Knit Wear.

To mend torn or rent knit underwear: Place the portion of the garment to be mended in an embroidery ring; stretch tightly; apply the patch on the under side and stitch back and forth upon the sewing machine until nicely darned. This makes a neat patch.

Iodine Stains.

If iodine has been dropped on cloth, rub it with ammonia or alcohol. These will remove it. Then wash the material in water.

ARE YOU GETTING THE GENUINE ARTICLE?

IS YOUR DEALER DRAWING THE GENUINE

FRANK JONES PORTSMOUTH, N. H. ALE

THIS SIGN IS FOR YOUR PROTECTION

This Sign Is A Guarantee That The Dealer Has The

Frank Jones Portsmouth Ale

SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

COME OUT TO QUAMPHEGAN PARK

UNDER THE SHADE OF THE PINES

Dancing Every Tuesday and Friday Nights

TUESDAY, JULY 21,

PRIZE DANCE --- MUSIC BY MARSHELL AND HODGDON, ARTISTS FROM PORTSMOUTH AND DOVER.

Base Ball Saturday, July 25,

COCHECO VS. SALMON FALLS. GAME 3 O'CLOCK.

BAND CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING BY UNITED STATES NAVAL BAND.

Private Parties Given Prompt Attention.

Success in Life

depends on character, capacity, concentration and health. Develop the first three by all means—maintain the last by the one best means—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

Lawnmowers Sharpened

AND PARTS FURNISHED.

All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

Chadwick & Trefethen,

Gun and Locksmiths,

11 Bow St., Portsmouth.

The Mutual Benefit Insurance Co.

Life and Endowment policies contain special and peculiar advantages which are not combined in the policies of any other Company

CONNER & CO.

4 PLEASANT STREET

HERALD ADS. GIVE BEST RESULTS

A ROUSING WELCOME.

Heir to the British Throne Arrives In Quebec.

DECORATIONS IN HIS HONOR.

An Immense Outpouring of Citizens and Visitors.

Quebec, July 22.—A momentous event in the history of this city occurred today, when the Prince of Wales arrived aboard the British battleship Indomitable.

The Indomitable's appearance was the signal for a royal salute from the guns of the British flagship Exmouth and the shore batteries on both sides of the river, followed by the combined salutes of the international fleet of French, American and British warships and the answering guns of the Indomitable.

The latter came to anchor alongside the United States battleship New Hampshire, thus completing the double chain formation of warships and bringing side by side the two latest types of British and American fighting machines. At the King's Landing was a gathering of distinguished officials to welcome the prince, including Earl Grey, governor general of Canada; Field Marshal Roberts, representing the British army; Premier Laurier and his cabinet, Admiral Jaureguiberry and the official French envoys, Vice President Fairbanks, representing the United States, and Admiral Cowles, representing the American naval department.

The landing stage was decorated for the occasion with truly royal splendor. Two massive arches, emblazoned with the royal arms and topped with the lion and unicorn guarding the British crown, marked the passage of the prince from the landing to the state carriage which bore him to the Citadel. To the right of the landing was erected a pavilion richly hung with the colors and arms and insignia of the reigning family. Here the first greetings were exchanged and welcomes extended in behalf of the Imperial government of Canada and the army.

These ceremonies concluded, the prince drove in an open carriage up the steep streets leading from the harbor level to the heights of the city. All along the route the buildings were ablaze with color, with garlands and flowers looped across the street, and patriotic emblems and mottoes in French and English expressing loyalty and devotion to the prince.

The popular outpouring to witness the passage of royalty was immense and extreme precautions were taken to guard against any disorder in the narrow, precipitous streets.

The city is invaded by 12,000 to 15,000 soldiers, representing the regular and militia strength of all parts of the Dominion, with hundreds of official visitors and the titled nobility of England and other parts of the world and thousands of interested spectators from American cities and all parts of Canada.

The city is elaborately decorated, with triumphal arches spanning the main thoroughfares, the buildings hung with British and French flags and devices commemorating the deeds of old French discoverers and testifying loyalty to the royal visitor.

ADMITS ASSAULT.

Lynn, Mass., July 22.—Harry Maddox was arrested yesterday afternoon on the Lynn marshes on the charge of assaulting Mrs. Josiah Low, aged 70, of Essex, Monday morning at her home. Lynn officers say that Maddox admitted the assault. Maddox was formerly employed as a farm hand by Mrs. Low. On July 10 he was paid off and discharged. Maddox is 24 years of age. He is an Englishman. Mrs. Low is much better and the doctor who is attending her says she is recovering rapidly.

LIVE WIRES KILLED THREE.

Altoona, Pa., July 22.—During a fire in the Kline building last night three persons were electrocuted by live wires which dropped to the street. The dead are Joseph Byers, a fireman; Joseph Frick, fireman for the Edison Electric company, and Harry Deshong, 12 years old. Byers and Frick were instantly killed. The wires fell around the neck of young Deshong and nearly burned his head off, the terrified crowd being afraid to render assistance.

RAMPOLLA LEAVES ROME.

Rome, July 22.—After twenty years' residence in Rome, without ever having left the confines of that city, Cardinal Rampolla, the former papal secretary of state, started last evening for Switzerland. Owing to his ill-health, Rampolla's physicians ordered him to leave Rome at once. He will stay at the famous Benedictine abbey, which was founded in the ninth century.

SOLD WATERED MILK.

Boston, July 22.—The highest fine ever levied in a Massachusetts court for the offense of selling watered milk was meted out to Charles H. Stone, wholesale dealer, by Judge Burke in the municipal court. He paid $500 on ten counts for keeping and selling. Two additional counts were placed on file.

REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

All Work In the 1908 Campaign Will Be Directed From Chicago.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 22.—The members of the national Republican committee, in conference with Chairman Hitchcock, voted unanimously to establish headquarters in Chicago instead of New York. Hitchcock's force will be established there as soon as he can get them together after his return to Chicago. All the work of the Taft forces will be directed from Chicago, even to the collection of campaign funds.

The inter-mountain Republican conference came to a close last night with a dinner given by Hitchcock to the members of the national committee and state chairmen who have been here. At the session Monday stock was taken, but yesterday plans for the campaigns to be made in the far western states were discussed in detail. Hitchcock declared that he could not discuss these plans. He said that the conferences had been very successful in every way. Hitchcock and his immediate party left for Chicago this morning.

TAFT BANNER AGAIN FLYING.

Lincoln, Neb., July 22.—High above the electric wires of the traction company the Taft banner, which met such an ignominious fate the night before the nomination of Mr. Bryan, was yesterday again flung to the breeze. On either side of it an American flag was hung as a mute warning that it would be protected against a repetition of vandalism.

Most of yesterday was spent by Mr. Bryan in delivering short speeches on the issues of the campaign into a phonograph. Previously he had made similar speeches on the records of a competing concern. Bryan announced that he had received $500 from each of the two concerns as compensation for his work.

TAFT'S FAITH IN ROOSEVELT.

Hot Springs, Va., July 22.—President Roosevelt is to review in advance the speech W. H. Taft will deliver in Cincinnati next Tuesday. Taft said:

"I have decided to make this speech what may be my most important utterance of the campaign. I have the highest regard for the president's judgment regarding the subjects to be dealt with, and a keen appreciation of his wonderful ability for forceful expression. I want his judgment and his criticism, and this cannot be satisfactorily obtained at long range, so I have decided to go to Oyster Bay." Taft will leave here with his secretary tonight.

DOUGLAS AS CHAIRMAN.

Lincoln, Neb., July 22.—It now seems almost certain that the new chairman of the Democratic national committee will be former Governor Douglas of Massachusetts. It is presumed that George F. Williams conferred with Douglas about the matter at the request of Bryan while in the east. Douglas is a man of large means and political experience, he is popular with the labor class, and his attitude on the tariff question meets the Democratic idea.

PROHIBS OPEN CAMPAIGN.

Chicago, July 22. The Prohibition national campaign was formally opened last night with addresses delivered by prominent leaders of that party at a mass meeting held in Evanston. The principal speech was made by Eugene W. Chafin, the presidential nominee.

INJURIOUS TO HEALTH.

Washington, July 22.—"In the interests of health, both benzoic acid and benzoate of soda should be excluded from foods." This is the conclusion of Chief Wiley of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, after a prolonged investigation to determine the effect upon the human system of these preservatives. He declares that their use is highly objectionable and produces very serious disturbances of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health.

A CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

Cincinnati, July 22.—A movement to celebrate the semi-centennial of peace between the north and south by holding in 1915 a great southern exposition in Cincinnati and dedicating a southern peace monument in this city was launched at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. A formal report was presented in support of the idea, giving various reasons why such a celebration should be held in Cincinnati.

HAWAIIAN VISIT ENDED.

Honolulu, July 22.—The Atlantic battleship fleet has finished coaling and formal preparations are being made to resume its journey around the world today, when sail will be set for New Zealand and Australia. The flagship Connecticut will leave her wharf this afternoon and the fleet will raise anchor and sail at 6 p. m. Five thousand men from the fleet were granted shore leave yesterday.

A DOUBLE DROWNING.

Cranston, R. I., July 22.—James St. John of Providence and his wife, together with Martin Murray, were rowing on Sprague's pond when the boat capsized and the three were thrown into the water. Murray was rescued, but St. John and his wife were drowned.

FIGHTING AT TABRIZ.

St. Petersburg, July 22.—It is reported here that fierce fighting occurred at Tabriz yesterday, 200 being killed or wounded.

TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Americans Continue to "Make Good" In Olympic Games.

NEW RECORDS ESTABLISHED.

Our Sprinters Win Great Majority of Heats.

London, July 22.—Melvin W. Sheppard of the Irish-American A. C., who took the measure of England's best distance men in the 1500 metres run at the Olympic games a week ago, added another victory to his long list when he finished far in the lead in the 800 metres event, establishing a new Olympic record of 1:52 4-5 for the distance and continuing on to the half mile, which he ran in 1:54, within three-fifths of a second of C. H. Kilpatrick's world's record made in New York in 1895.

Another gold medal went to America when Harry F. Porter of the Irish-American A. C. captured the high jump by clearing the bar at 6 feet 3 inches and beating the Olympic record of 6 feet 2 4-5 inches. After assuring himself that he was the winner, he went after the world's record. The bar was placed at 6 feet 5 3-4 inches, just one-eighth of an inch higher than the record, but it was just a shade too much for him.

Better weather, a much larger attendance and exciting finishes made yesterday's Olympic sports at the stadium far and away more interesting than any that have preceded them. There was absolutely no interruption, and from 10 o'clock in the morning until after 7 in the evening a great crowd of enthusiasts sat in the stands.

It was largely America's day, for besides winning the only two events finally decided, the American sprinters won the great majority of the heats in the other events. While not so spectacular as the races, the running high jump was the most keenly contested event of the day. It started in the morning, and not until after 6 o'clock was Porter proclaimed the winner.

Sheppard won a great victory for America in the 800 metres flat race. He proved himself entirely too fast for Just, the English champion, who was absolutely done up by the tremendous pace.

The two Englishmen, Just and Crawford, who qualified, thought they could set a pace which would fire out Sheppard, but it seemed to be exactly what he wanted. The American let Crawford set the speed as high as he liked and kept right at the Englishman's heels. Just followed close at hand, but the plan miscarried, for the latter, who expected to come up in the stretch and pass Sheppard, had no reserve left and was not only beaten by the American, but also by Lunghi of Italy and Braun of Germany.

The Americans suffered two disappointments in the heats of the 200 metres flat race, Lawson Robertson being defeated by Roche, the Irish champion, and W. W. May being compelled to take the dust of the fleet Canadian, Kerr. Considering, however, that the Americans entered seven of the fifteen heats and took five of them, there is not much cause for complaint.

In the heats of the 400 metres, flat, they took seven out of nine in which they started. J. B. Taylor, Irish-American A. C., the colored champion of the University of Pennsylvania, made his first appearance in this event, and the remarkable ease with which he runs is an eye-opener to the English critics. Taylor won his heat easily.

The 100 metres sprint brought out the best aggregation of sprinters yet seen on the track. The Americans, May and Stevens, lost their heats to Walker of South Africa and Kerr of Canada, but the other two heats were gathered in for America by Rector and Robertson. Kerr took 11 seconds for his heat, one-fifth of a second more than either Walker or Rector for theirs.

There were four heats in the semi-finals of the 400 metres hurdle race, in two of which Americans contested and they took both of them, Harry L. Hillman and C. J. Baron doing the trick. The other two went to Great Britain and in both cases slower time than that made by the Americans.

F. Narganes and J. H. Craige, Americans, lost their bouts in the catch-as-catch-can wrestling. The preliminary bouts of the Graeco-Roman wrestling also were finished, but no Americans were entered.

SIGNALS MISUNDERSTOOD.

North Attleboro, Mass., July 22.—Two men were injured and a number of others scratched and bruised, and nearly 100 men, women and children badly scared by a head-on collision between two trolley cars here last night. The collision was caused by a misunderstanding of switch signals. The motormen saved themselves by jumping. The fronts of both cars were badly damaged.

ACTRESS WANTS DIVORCE.

Reno, Nev., July 22.—Virginia Harned, actress and wife of Edward H. Sothern, the actor, has filed a suit for divorce in the district court in this city. The complaint is a sealed document, and nothing can be learned of the character of the charges made. Mrs. Sothern has been a resident of Nevada for six months.

RESULTS OF BASEBALL GAMES.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Chicago:	R	H	E
Boston	5	11	0
Chicago	0	5	2

Batteries—Lindaman and Graham; Brown, Lundgren, Mack, Kling and Marshall.

At Cincinnati:	R	H	E
Philadelphia	3	10	1
Cincinnati	2	3	0

Batteries—Coakley, Campbell and McLean; Ritchie and Jacklitsch.

At St. Louis:	R	H	E
New York	4	8	2
St. Louis	2	11	1

Batteries—Mathewson and Bresnahan; Sallee and Bliss.

Second game:	R	H	E
St. Louis	3	5	1
New York	1	5	4

Batteries—Lush and Ludwig; Taylor and Bresnahan.

At Pittsburg:	R	H	E
Pittsburg	2	8	0
Brooklyn	0	3	0

Batteries—Leifield and Gibson; Pastorious and Ritter.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Boston:	R	H	E
Boston	2	6	1
St. Louis	1	5	2

Batteries—Burchell and Carrigan; Bailey and Spencer.

Second game:	R	H	E
Boston	3	4	2
St. Louis	2	7	1

Batteries—Morgan and Carrigan; Powell and Stephens.

At Washington:	R	H	E
Detroit	4	11	0
Washington	1	7	2

Batteries—Killian and Thomas; Burns and Street.

At Philadelphia:	R	H	E
Philadelphia	4	7	1
Cleveland	2	5	1

Batteries—Bender, Vickers and Schreck; Chech, Berger and Clark.

At New York:	R	H	E
Chicago	6	12	3
New York	3	6	2

Batteries—Walsh and Sullivan; Newton, Orth and Sweeney.

Second game:	R	H	E
New York	6	10	0
Chicago	3	9	2

Batteries—Hogg, Manning and Blair; White and Weaver.

NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE.

At Brockton:	R	H	E
Worcester	2	4	1
Brockton	1	2	2

Batteries—Barbarich and Lavigne; O'Toole and Waters.

Second game:	R	H	E
Worcester	9	14	3
Brockton	0	3	3

Batteries—Owens and McCune; Gatcomb and Waters.

At Lynn:	R	H	E
New Bedford	3	5	2
Lynn	1	7	3

Batteries—Robinson and Weeden; Labelle, Hartman and Dunn.

At Lowell:	R	H	E
Lowell	4	9	0
Haverhill	3	11	2

Batteries—Warner and Leimeux; Keady and Andrews.

At Lawrence:	R	H	E
Fall River	2	7	1
Lawrence	1	5	2

Batteries—Wormwood and Toomey; Eason and Ahnsmith.

BRUTAL MURDER AT BOSTON.

Boston, July 22.—The body of Mrs Emma Payrow, aged 38, was found crushed into a small closet in one of the apartments at 200 Columbus avenue. The woman's husband returned to his room late last evening. Not finding his wife in their rooms he began a search and was attracted by blood marks which led to a closet. Opening the door, he found the body of his wife crowded into the small space. In her mouth was a gag and her throat had been slit from ear to ear. The police will give out no information regarding the murder. Little is known of the Payrows by those who occupy the apartments.

ASSAULTED NEWSPAPER MAN.

Honolulu, July 22.—United States Attorney Breckons has filed information against Lieutenant Commander Carter, U. S. N., charging him with malicious assault on F. M. Moore, a newspaper man, at the naval station. Carter is in command of the United States ship Iroquois stationed here. He had demanded a retraction of certain statements appearing in The Bulletin, on which Moore is employed. Moore declined to admit that the statements complained of were false, and there was an altercation, during which Carter struck Moore with his fist.

KILLED BROTHER, SHOT UNCLE.

Stonington, Me., July 22.—Crazed with jealousy over the attentions of his brother to his sweetheart, who lived in this town, Frank Baldasara, 30, shot and instantly killed Antonio Baldasara, 25, in an Italian quarrymen's camp. Baldasara then turned the weapon on his uncle, Ebenuello Sorrelli, 40, who interfered, and shot him through the neck. The latter is seriously wounded, but expected to live. Baldasara made his escape.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

John McGuff, aged 10, was run over by a freight train at Bangor, Me., suffering injuries from which he died within an hour.

Charles S. Leighton, aged 46 years, a farmer residing near Augusta, Me., committed suicide by shooting. He was despondent over business matters and ill-health.

The Taunton Street Railway company of Taunton, Mass., has been petitioned into involuntary bankruptcy at the instance of four creditors.

Leo S. Kilboran, aged 20, of Everett, Mass., was drowned while bathing at East Tilton, N. H.

HUB SALOON HOLDUP.

Armed Men Rob Cash Register and Kill a Man.

ANOTHER FATALLY WOUNDED.

Descent Was Made Just Before Closing Time.

Boston, July 22.—Three desperate men, armed with heavy calibre revolvers, dashed into a crowded Jamaica Plain barroom ten minutes before closing time last night and, yelling "hands up," began "shooting up" the place. When they had grabbed the money till and emptied it and finished shooting and made their escape one man was dead, another lay dying and a third was seriously wounded.

Dashing out the door the three men were met by Officer Butler, who drew his revolver and began firing on the men, one of whom was injured, but all eventually escaped.

The dead man is Frank J. Drake, aged 32. Patrick Doran, aged 40, is dying with a bullet wound in the abdomen, and Thomas Winterston, one of the proprietors of the saloon, is suffering from bullet wounds in the back of the head and arm.

The saloon which was the scene of the shooting is run by Winterston & McManus, and is situated at the corner of Washington and Boylston streets. In a thickly settled part of the city. The saloon was crowded with patrons just previous to the closing hour of 11 o'clock, about forty men being in the place.

Suddenly three men made their appearance in the doorway. Simultaneously they yelled "hands up" and began shooting rapidly, aiming apparently at the barkeepers. Some ten or fifteen shots were fired.

With a leap one of the men jumped over the bar and grabbed the cash register, pulling it to the floor. It was opened quickly and the contents seized, the man being covered meantime by the fire from the guns of his companions. Securing the money, the man leaped back to his companions and the three backed to the door.

Patrolman Butler had heard the shooting and, pulling in a hurry call on his alarm box, ran to the saloon. He arrived in time to see the three men backing out and shooting at those in the saloon.

The patrolman opened fire at once on the men and hit the first one to come out. Then someone cried: "Don't shoot these who are not to blame," and the patrolman stopped shooting. The men then leaped out and made their escape down Weld avenue. One of the men concerned in the shoot up, it is believed, gave the cry to stop the firing by the officer to effect the escape.

A good description of the three men has been gained and special officers are now searching every part of the city in an effort to round them up.

BECAME A PARISIAN.

New York, July 22.—In a will disposing of property valued at more than $1,000,000 Albert Spencer, a former American, who for many years prior to his death had resided in Paris, directed that his body be cremated and that "under no circumstances shall the ashes be taken to America." To his Mme. Holtz of Paris $200,000 and the widow he bequeathed $200,000, to household furniture and articles of vertu in his apartment in Paris, and to A. J. Middlebrook of Bridgeport, Conn., a nephew, his residence in this city and $100,000 in cash. To many cousins and other relatives about $150,000 is left.

LOOKS BAD FOR TURKEY.

Paris, July 22.—The Temps prints a dispatch from its special correspondent at Salonika, who represents the situation there as most serious. Macedonia is ripe for revolution, he says, and the young Turks are well armed and determined to overthrow the absolutist regime. A great majority of the Mussulman population is in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, and fully 90 percent of the Turkish officers and functionaries share the ideas of the young Turks.

MAY BE BLACK HAND JOB.

New York, July 22.—Death at the hands of a vengeful fellow countryman was the fate of Francisco Renaldi, who died shortly after being shot three times in his little Italian wine shop. Although the police say that a young Italian fired the fatal shots, the identity of Renaldi's assailant is not positively known. Renaldi was wealthy. A story that "Black Hand" suspects had been frequenters of his shop is being investigated by the police.

FIFTY JAPANESE KILLED.

St. Petersburg, July 22.—The Bourse Gazette publishes a dispatch from Harbin which recites an engagement with Korean insurgents on the Russo-Korean frontier, in which it is reported that fifty Japanese soldiers were killed. The insurgents' losses are not known.

PLOT AGAINST LEOPOLD?

Brussels, July 22.—The Journal states that the Belgian authorities are greatly alarmed over a rumor of a plot to assassinate King Leopold. Several anarchists have been arrested.

NAVAL SHARPS' CONFERENCE.

President Roosevelt Taking Part In the Discussion at Newport.

Newport, R. I., July 22.—President Roosevelt arrived here this morning on board the Mayflower to attend the most important conference of naval officers ever held in the country.

More than 100 officers, men of high rank and attainments in various branches of the naval service, are present and with them the president will go over in detail the plans of two battleships now building and the tentative drawings of others about to laid off. The president wil return to Oyster Bay late this afternoon.

President Roosevelt opened the conference with an address in which he took up a number of important naval topics. He did not go into technicalities of any sort, however, nor did he attempt to advise the officers. When the address was concluded the door of the conference room was closed to all except officers of the war college, of the general board from Washington, of the special "battleship commission," and of the "Newport summer conference."

No immediate decision of any importance is expected to develop from the conference, which is really a preliminary and general discussion which will be followed by other conferences at Washington and Oyster Bay, and also here at Newport during the remainder of the summer.

BISHOP POTTER PASSES AWAY

End of Noted Episcopal Prelate Was Peaceful and Quiet.

Cooperstown, N. Y., July 22.—Henry Codman Potter, seventh Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese of New York, died last night at his summer home here after an illness of several weeks. The bishop was unconscious all day and the end, which came at 8:35 o'clock, was peaceful and quiet. The prelate was 74 years of age.

Death was due primarily to embolism in the right leg, following a long attack of liver and stomach trouble, and the end had been foreseen for several days by the bishop's physicians. Bishop Potter suffered a severe relapse Monday morning and, though oxygen was given, his decline was gradual and he sank into unconsciousness early yesterday which lasted until the end.

No arrangements for the funeral have as yet been made, but it is probable that services will be held here and that the body will be removed to New York, where a public funeral will be held at Grace church.

ALLEGED CONSPIRATORS.

New York, July 22.—Mrs. Ben Teal, wife of a theatrical manager and one of the three persons arrested in connection with the alleged plot to manufacture divorce evidence against Frank Jay Gould, the millionaire, was compelled to spend nearly four hours in a cell before bail could be secured. She was arraigned with Mrs. Julia Fleming, a seamstress, and Henry S Mousely, a private detective, the other two who figure in the alleged conspiracy. When Magistrate Corrigan held the trio in $5000 bail each, Mousley quickly found a bondsman. Mrs. Fleming did not secure bail.

LONGEST RELAY RACE.

Chicago, July 22.—The Young Men's Christian association relay race, which began in New York last Wednesday, came to a brilliant close in the city hall here yesterday. Thus ended the race of 1200 miles by hundreds of boys, ranging in age from 12 to 21 years. The distance was covered in 119 hours and 22 minutes. This is the longest relay race on record. The time made by the runners in their dash from the Atlantic to Lake Michigan exceeded all expectations. The message was carried at an average speed of more than ten miles an hour.

MORAN AGAIN IN HUB.

Boston, July 22.—Tanned, yet little improved in health, District Attorney Moran returned to his office unexpectedly yesterday from the Adirondacks. A mass of evidence on the famous Chinese trial lay before him. To peruse this and to render a decision on the application for a second trial for four of the condemned men, Moran explained, was the cause of his sudden and unheralded return. He has not the highest opinion of the Adirondacks as a health resort for a man in his condition, and will spend the winter in Colorado.

ALLEGED CHECK FORGER.

Boston, July 22.—Joseph L. Eaton, Jr., the son of a wealthy Newton merchant, was arraigned before Judge Burke and held in $2000 bail for the grand jury on a forgery charge. It is alleged that Eaton, under the name of Robert Elliott, paid for his board bill at the United States hotel with a check drawn on the First National bank, which was worthless.

ROJESTVENSKY ALIVE.

Berlin, July 22.—The announcement made from Bad Neuheim that Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, who commanded the ill-fated Russian fleet that was annihilated by the Japanese in the battle of the Sea of Japan in May, 1905, had died there from heart trouble is incorrect. A Russian named Rojestvensky did die at Bad Nauheim, but he was not the admiral.

THE WEATHER.

Almanac, Thursday, July 23.

Sun rises—4:28; sets—7:13.

Moon rises—12:40 a. m.

High water—7:30 a. m.; 7:45 p. m.

There will be showers in New England.

Hampton Beach Casino

ENTIRE WEEK

COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 20.

Joseph J. Flynn Presents

Modern Vaudeville

W. S. MARION & CO.,

In the Powerful Emotional Playlet,

"A Witch's Power"

The Hugh's Musical Trio.

Adams & Mack, Burlesque Musicians.

St. Clair Bros., Comedy Acrobats.

Ben Pierce, German Comedian

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Isles of Shoals STEAMER

TIME TABLE

Season of 1908. Commencing July 1, 1908.

Subject to change without further notice

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Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels, Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6.00 and 9.15 a. m., and 2.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, at 8.00 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

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S. G. LONDRES 10 CENT CIGAR

Has No Equal

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Cared For and Turfing Done

With increased facilities the subscriber is now prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at reasonable rates.

Cemetery lots for sale; also loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail with Oliver W. Ham, 61 Market Street, will be given prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

Marble and Granite

Tablets, Monuments, Mausoleums of the Latest Designs.

My plant contains an Air Compressor, Pneumatic Tools for Lettering and Carving, Polishing Machine, all run by electric power. The only plant in this section with modern equipments.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

OUR CANDIDATES:

FOR PRESIDENT

WILLIAM H. TAFT

of Ohio.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT

James S. Sherman

of New York.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1908.

GOMPERS MISTAKE

When the history of the presidential campaign of 1908 is written it will contain a record that Samuel Gompers made a mistake when he attempted to deliver the labor vote to Bryan.

The laboring men of this country do their own voting at governmental elections as well as labor union elections. The same voter who thinks for himself and decides who is the man best fitted to assist in managing his employment matters which are better handled in concert with others than singly by himself, is also capable of settling for himself as to what candidate and platform offer the most hope for his future prosperity and comfort.

The tremendous outburst of indignation from labor men in all parts of the country is sufficient proof of the act being a mistake. The men who unite in labor organizations to prevent outside tyranny do not relish attempts at dictation from within the organizations. Nowhere has the indignation been more marked than in New Hampshire, where the labor leaders, even the men who propose themselves to vote for Bryan, are attacking this act as contrary to the spirit of their institution.

The strangest part of it all, and it is one which many laboring men would like to have explained, is why a labor leader should call upon his supporters to cast their votes for a candidate who teaches that the way to benfit the employe is to lessen or to destroy his opportunities of employment. The laboring men have in previous elections expressed their opinion on those doctrines, and the lamp of history might have afforded light to prevent again attempting to persuade men with such shallow political economy.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

Derry Board of Trade has the confidence to announce that it expects the establishment of two new industries in the town in the near future.

Daniel Hayden of Hollis, a Civil War veteran, has donated and erected several flagpoles for schoolhouses in his own and neighboring towns.

In issuing the tax bills for the year the Nashua tax collector sent out a large number bearing an assessment for the removal of brown-tail moth nests from private lands by city employes. Several recipients of these bills declare that they will not pay them. Among these is a Nashua lawyer, who alleges that these charges are unconstitutional and that the taxpayers cannot be forced to meet them.

Influential Eastern Democrats have told William J. Bryan that in their opinion the anti-injunction plank of the platform adopted at Denver was hardly worth the paper it was written on, the reason alleged by them being that the David B. Hill bill, passed by the Senate, which is specifically indorsed by the Democratic plank, simply carried out the common law provision granting a jury trial in contempt cases "in the jurisdiction of the presiding judge."

Philadelphia is getting ready to eat "air picked" turkeys next Thanksgiving day, the birds being ones from which the feathers were taken by a combined vacuum and air-blast process. It is claimed that the new process will not only save the meat in a better condition but will gather the feathers so that they will be more valuable as a by product. Next thing, we shall hear it related how the turkey slaughterers save every part of the bird except the gobble.

East Rochester people at last believe that the long-desired electric railway connection to Rochester is soon to become a reality.

Attorney General Eastman has stirred up the New Hampshire hotel and boarding house keepers with an opinion that every story, whether attic or otherwise, in which people are lodged is a story within the meaning of the fire-escape law. The law requires fire escapes on all such buildings of three stories or more in height.

Contoocook needle factory is shut down on account of lack of power from low water.

The Edwards cotton mills at Augusta, Me., employing 1200 hands, have started on full time after running nearly five months on half time. And immediately the people of the city have decided to have a baseball team this year, for they think there will now be money enough to run it.

The York county town of Sanford appears to have good reason for being proud of its new town hall.

OUR EXCHANGES

York County Philosophy

Many a man who has expressed a willingness to die for a woman before marriage has failed to make good when it came to a question of working for her after the two were made one.—Biddeford Journal.

And There Are More Like Him

When an old-fashioned New Hampshire Democrat like Franklin Pierce's nephew decides to bolt the ticket, the skies must be falling and we may catch larks.—Boston Herald.

But There Can't So Many Read It

Germany also wants two-cent postage to and from the United States. It costs no more to transmit a letter in German than one in English.—Wakefield Citizen and Banner.

A Far Sighted Policy

The Pennsylvania railroad has adopted a far-sighted policy in planting trees for the purpose of supplying itself with ties. It has recently put out 625,000 saplings, making a total of 2,125,000 planted since it went into the forestry business. As the country has used a hundred million ties in a single year, and as these cost nearly fifty million dollars, the importance of preparing for the future by growing forests on railroad land is obvious. The price of the land would be comparatively insignificant; indeed, every railway has space along its tracks already that could be used to grow thousands of trees without crowding; and while they were developing they would increase the beauty of the scene from the train windows, and possibly attract traffic, thus adding in a modest way to the company's income.—Providence Journal.

Catering to the Land Grabbers

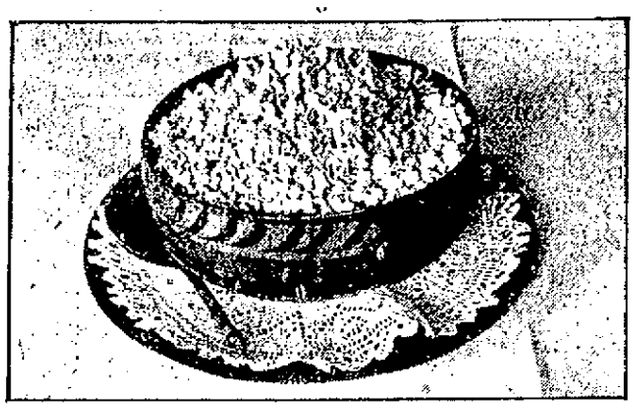
Where the Democratic platform departs most widely from Republican policies it reveals its most objectionable features. For example, the demand for turning over the control of the grazing lands to the states is a palpable bid for the votes of the big cattlemen of the West. This Democratic plank is an invitation to the men who have fenced in a part of the public domain to vote the Democratic ticket.—Lincoln, Neb., State Journal.

The Publicity Cure

The Bangor city health officials have made a simple and what would appear to be an adequate provision for improving the milk supply of a city of its size in the following ruling: "Notice is hereby given that on the third day of August next the names of all milkmen who have fully complied with the regulations relating to the sale of milk and cream, have had their cows examined by proper authority and stables put in a sanitary condition, will be published in the daily papers for the information of the public."—Maine Farmer.

Good Things To Eat

NUMBER THREE



PINK AND WHITE SUGARED CORN.

Rice popcorn is the best variety and is known by the sharp points of the kernels. Do not expect corn to pop well that has been kept in a damp place or that is very old. In that state the kernels will but partially burst, and many will burn. Have a clear fire and good corn, and pick out the imperfectly popped or burnt kernels before sugaring.

Boil two cups of sugar and one of water together ten minutes without stirring after it begins to boil; it should then have reached the "thread" but it should boil longer if when a cold fork is dipped into the boiling syrup fine threads do not hang from the tines. You will know if the syrup passes the stage of the thread because as the water evaporates the sugar crystallizes again, and if you are so unfortunate as to overlook it still further it will begin to discolor and caramelize. For the white sugared corn pour the syrup over the corn, stirring it with a fork in order to cover the corn thinly and not in lumps.

For pink sugar add a trifle of red color paste or just enough to give a rose pink color. Serve in a Russian bowl or large china bowl with ladle.

REPORT OF NAVAL SHAKE-UP DENIED

Loeb Says the Stories that President Will Punish Critics is Ridiculous

The President left Oyster Bay on the Mayflower Tuesday evening for Newport, where he goes to make an address and to attend a session of the general board. The President's speech will deal with matters of interest to the enlisted men and officers of the navy, and will not, as has been hinted, take up the cudgels to punish those who have criticised the construction of battleships. Secretary Loeb denied very emphatically that the President's visit to Newport was to precede any sort of a "shake-up" in the official personnel of the service. Stories have been out in circulation which asserted that the President would attend the meeting of the board for the sole purpose of "jumping on the men responsible for the recent disclosures," and that as a result of his visit the heads of many bureau chiefs would fall into the basket.

"The President takes the greatest possible interest in the work of the General Board," said the secretary, "and will attend the regular meeting more thoroughly to inform himself on certain subjects under consideration. It is perfectly ridiculous to predict a 'shake-up' or 'upheaval' of any sort as the result of his visit, or nothing of the sort will take place."

READ THIS

"It is astonishing," remarked a well known authority on Diseases of the skin, "how such a large number of people, especially ladies, are, by attractively written advertisements, induced to purchase some one of the many so called Beauty Creams now on the market, not knowing, of course, that they mostly contain oily or greasy substances that clog the pores of the skin and are, for that reason, the very worst thing that they could possibly use. My treatment of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin, are as follows and has invariably proved very successful. Wash the face carefully every night before retiring with warm water and a little oat meal tied up in a small cloth bag, then, after drying well, use the following inexpensive and perfectly harmless prescription, which can be filled at any Drug Store. Cleerola 1-2 oz. Ether 1 oz. Alcohol 7 oz. Use this mixture on the face as often as possible during the day, but use night and morning any way, allowing it to remain on the face at least ten minutes, then the powdery film may be wiped off. Do not wash the face for some little time after using. By following this simple treatment, you will soon have a clear and Brilliant Complexion.

Don't be a dead one, read the Herald.

SUMMER TIME

The summer time is here,
The rush of all the year,
But oh, it's oft severe.

We swelter and perspire
And have no great desire
For work that we require
To do. At times our ire

Does reach a lofty height,
Especially at night
When round us buzz and bite
Mosquitoes infinite!

The sun's terrific rays
Our features set ablaze.
Parboiling one, these days;

And when we seem to bake,
Then, for relief we take
A dip in sea or lake,
Till oft with chills we shake!

The glorious summertime
Is here in all its prime,
With heat and dust and grime,
Mosquitoes, flies,—Sublime!

J. E. M.

AT ISLES OF SHOALS

Unitarian Sunday School Institute Having Good Sessions

The Unitarian Sunday School Institute, now in session at the Isles of Shoals, is proceeding with its busy week of meetings.

Tuesday forenoon Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard gave the first of three lectures on "The Development of Old Testament Literature," speaking about the historical books, showing the conditions under which they came into shape and their general character.

After a brief intermission Rev. William L. Lawrence gave a Bible reading from the Books of Acts, correlating the chapters in proper sequence and bringing out the interest of the narrative.

In the afternoon a conference under the direction of Rev. Henry T. Secrist discussed the topic, "Just How to Prepare and Teach a Lesson."

In the evening Rev. George W. Kent of Providence brought a new element into the day's program by his paper on "The Wild Rose of Appledore: a Parable," which made good use of a suggestive feature of the neighboring island.

BISHOP POTTER DEAD

The Distinguished Churchman Was Well Known in Portsmouth

Bishop Henry Clay Potter of the Episcopalian diocese of New York died late Tuesday night at his country home in Cooperstown, N. Y., aged 74.

Bishop Potter was a native of Schenectady, N. Y., and early became prominent in the church. In 1883 he was elected coadjutor bishop to serve with his uncle, Bishop Horatio Potter, of the diocese of New York, and succeeded to the bishopric in 1887. At his death he had long been the most influential Episcopalian church worker in America. He leaves his wife and several children.

Bishop Potter conducted the Peace services at Christ Church, Portsmouth, after the signing of the treaty by the Japanese and Russian envoys in September, 1905, at the navy yard. He visited Portsmouth on several other occasions and was well known here.

FROM EXETER

News From County Seat

All the Happenings at the Academy Town

ocial, Business and Personal Gossip

Gathered by Special Correspondent on the Scene

Large signs are to be posted on the outskirts of the town, warning automobile drivers to go slow through the town. There have been a few cases of late in this town where the speed limit has been ignored.

Miss Emma L. Fall of Malden, Mass., is is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fall, at their summer home near Hedding, was one of four young women to receive notice of successfully passing the Massachusetts state examinations for the bar. She was graduated from Boston University School of Liberal Arts two years ago and from the law school of that institution this year. Her parents also are members of the bar.

Frank Peavey has purchased a new naphtha launch which he has placed on the Squamscott river. It is a 32-foot boat with a 10 horse-power engine.

A new brick sidewalk has recently been laid in front of the clothing store of F. W. Ordway and the hardware store of Augustus Young.

During the last two months the death record of this town has been remarkably small. There has not been a death for that period of time and the sanitary record is likewise, there being a small amount of illness.

Dr. William G. Perry celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday Tuesday. He is a native of Exeter, the son of Dr. William Perry. He has practised medicine in Exeter sixty-one years. His father practised medicine here more ahan sixty years. His daughter, Mrs. Albertus T. Dudley, presides over his home.

The York bridge still continues to show up, and a few more decisions are on the way.

Read the Above Couplet

It is both rhyme and reason. The truth is tersely stated. Inside of a week you can have a suit cleaned and pressed to perfection, and put in such shape that it will look as if just fresh from the tailors. We can save you much money that you have hitherto spent on clothes. No necessity to give so much to tailor. We can make you largely independent of him by making your clothes last twice as long and look twice as well doing so. Give us a trial; order now.

ODAMS & CO.,
Room 4 Freeman's Block. Tel. 364

DECORATIONS

For Weddings and Flowers furnished for all occasions

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY

CAPSTICK, Rogers St

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without Incontinence. MIDY
Sold by all druggists.

Want Ads.

SUCH AS

For Sale, Wanted, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., one cent a word for each insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

FOUND—Set of false teeth on Vaughn st. Owner can have same by calling at the Chronicle office and paying cost of advertising. c,h,J21,1f.

SALESMAN WANTED—Sell retail trade, $75 to $175 per month and expenses or commission. Experience unnecessary. Bermingsen Cigar Co., Toledo O. c,h,J20,1w.

WANTED—Cigar salesman. Experience unnecessary. $100 per month and expenses. Peerless Cigar Co., Toledo, Ohio. c,h,J.18 1w

TO LET—One furnished room two unfurnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. No. 6 Dover street. c,J16,1w

J. P. Stone, No. 3 State street, Portsmouth, agent for the Lathrop Marine Engines (sure and durable) and the new Roper Speed Control Reversing Propeller (best made). Call or write today. c,h,j11,1m

WANTED—Manager for Branch office we wish to locate here in Portsmouth. Address, with reference, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. c,h,Ju30,1m

PRIVATE TUTORING—High school or College. Address, G. H. D. L'Amourenx, Principal of Traip Academy, Kittery Maine. ch,Ju25,1m

PLACARDS— For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office.

WANTED—A good place on a farm for a boy 16 years old. Apply between the hours of 2.30 to 3.30 and 6until 9 p. m. to Mrs. Anna Jenness, 55 1-2 Rear Court street, Portsmouth. tf.

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power Inquire at this office

WANTED—To buy small second hand Cash register. Inquire at this office. chtf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank Inquire at this offie.

TO LET—Stores, and storage for furniture etc. Apply to H. A. Clark & Co., Commercial Wharf

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office.

7-20-4
Increased Sales in Past Four Months
937,488
By Far the Best Selling
10c CIGAR
In New England
R. G. SULLIVAN,
Manufacturer,
823 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

Book Binding
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Blank Books Made to Order.
J. D. RANDALL,
Over Boston's Store, Congress St.

PROFESSIONAL CARD

F. S. TOWLE, M. D
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

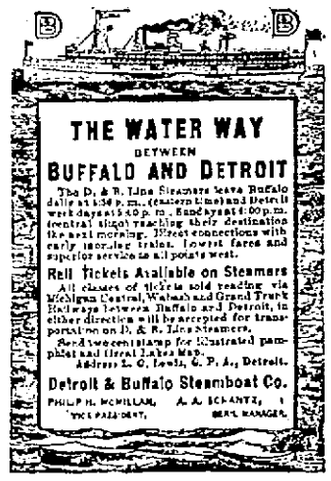
KELLEY, HARDING, & HATCH
LAWYERS
JOHN W. KELLEY, ROBERT H. HARDING
ALBERT R. HATCH
18 Pleasant St., Opp. Post Office
Portsmouth, N. H.

GEORGE A. JACKSON
CARPENTER
—AND—
BUILDER,
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

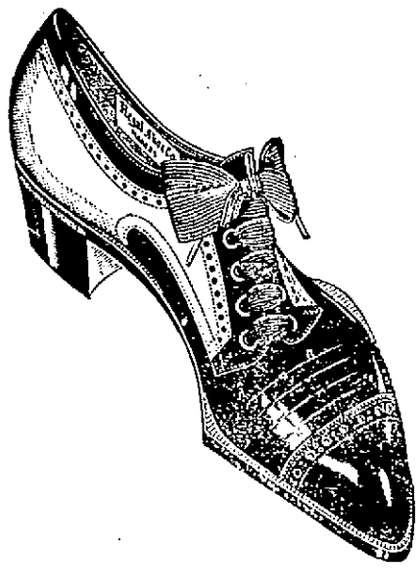
Granite State Fire Insurance Co
Of Portsmouth, N. H
Paid-Up Capital, $200,000
OFFICERS
CALVIN PAGE, President.
J. ALBERT WALKER, Vice President.
ALFRED F. HOWARD, Secretary.
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

Thomas E. Call & Son
—DEALERS IN—
Eastern and Western
LUMBER
SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC.,
For Cash at Lowest Market Prices
Market Street,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

SACRAMENTO CHINESE RESTAURANT
Dinner, 11.30 to 2 - - 20c
We serve one of the following meats and change daily
Roast Beef, Roast Pork, Roast Lamb, Corned Beef and Cabbage
Soup, Potatoes, Vegetables Pudding, Tea or Coffee Pie, 5 cents extra
Supper, 5.30 to 7 - - 25c
Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs Pork Chops, or Lamb Chops, Potatoes, Tea or Coffee
Chop Suey a Specialty
CHARLIE SING
3 1-2 Daniel Street, Up Stairs. Open all hrs.



REGAL SHOES Have Come to Portsmouth



Just the styles and leathers you like best are waiting for you, in all the perfection of the famous Regal workmanship and finish. And you'll find among the models shown positively the newest New York styles.

The opening of this Regal agency is nothing short of an event for the well groomed men of this city. Never before have Regals been on sale here — never before have you been able to get the equal of Regals in footwear at anything near the Regal price.

THE WHITE SHOE STORE, DUNCAN & STORER, 5 MARKET ST

THE BUTTER STORE

40 CONGRESS STREET

CHARLES A. TOWLE PROPRIETOR

Are you satisfied with your coffee?
A trial of Towle's will convince you that it is the best

29c lb.

Was your coffee good this morning?
If not, why not?

AT THE BEACHES.

CUTLER'S
Sea View House

John G. Cutler, Proprietor, Hampton Beach, N. H.

FINEST LOCATION ON THE BEACH.

Telephone connection with all points. Rooms equipped with electric bells and open grates. City water in the house throughout. Electric cars pass house for all points. Good stables connected with house. Fish and game dinners a specialty.

TRY OUR FIFTY CENT DINNER

THE SURF

European Plan

TITUS & BERRY, PROPS. - - H. A. TITUS MGR

YORK BEACH, ME.

Cafe, Ice Cream Garden, Dance Hall and Bowling Alleys Connected. Cafe open from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m.

TRY OUR SHORE DINNER

COMMERCIAL CLUB
WHISKEY

A Pure Beverage Especially Adapted for Sicknes
ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS KEEP IT

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS.

THOMAS LOUGHLIN AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH ISLINGTON ST

HAMMOCKS

ALL SIZES AND PRICES.

A. P. Wendell & Co.,
2 Market Square.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across the River

Happenings in Our Busy Sister Town

Various Paragraphs of Social and Personal Interest

Gossip of a Day Collected by Our Correspondent

Kittery, July 22.

Mrs. O. P. Call of South Boston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ruby B. Littlefield, on Wentworth street.

Miss Alice Newton of Portsmouth was calling on friends in town Tuesday.

Fred Pryor of Hartford, Conn., has joined his family who are visiting here.

Wesley Grogan and family of Quincy, Mass., are visiting the former's father, W. E. Grogan, on Rogers road.

Mrs. Luther Goodsoe and son, who have been in New York, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parriott of Fitchburg are the guests o Mrs. Walter Fernald on Oak Bank.

On the local field the Kittery team will play a nine from the U. S. S. Chester Saturday afternoon. Game called at 2.30.

Regular meeting of the Sons of Veterans in Hayes block tomorrow evening.

Melvin Ford has returned to his duties as clerk on the yard, after his recent illness.

The many friends of Miss Alice Perkins will be pleased to hear that she is resting very comfortably at her home on Love lane.

The Rebekahs meet in Odd Fellows' hall tomorrow evening.

Read the Kittery merchants' advertisements in the Herald.

Loring Hill is enjoying a vacation at the home of his parents on Love lane.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boulter have arrived home after a visit in Biddeford.

The Herald will be delivered at your home for three months for one dollar. All the local news.

The work of putting in the water system is progressing very rapidly and the pipes in Government street are laid as far as Otis avenue. A hydrant has been put in at the corner of Jones avenue.

The friends of the Kittery midshipmen are anxiously awaiting their arrival here next month, when the United States cruisers put in here.

O. E. Bennett has gone on a fishing trip for a few days.

Berries are very plentiful and each day people are seen returning from the fields with pails full. One young lady in town picked a bushel of black jacks on Monday.

Edward Hatch has entered the employ of C. M. Prince at his market.

Alfred Gongins is enjoying a week's vacation from his duties on the yard.

Kittery Point

The engagement of Miss Lulu Matilda Mitchell to Mr. Winfield Lewis Tobey is announced, the wedding to occur on Sunday, July 26.

The survey of Pepperrell's Cove is now in progress, a force of men being at work in charge of Mr. E. M. Hunt, who is registered at the Champernowne.

The sloop Seguin, owned by Col. H. R. Scott, which was last week stolen from her moorings in Chauncey's Creek, was located Tuesday at Cape Neddick, where she had been taken by a man and woman whose identities are as yet unknown here.

The power launches Kenuk and Wave Crest and the sloop yacht Lorna returned on Tuesday from a week's cruise along the North Shore. The Valley remains at Manchester-by-the-Sea for a few days, her owners visiting relatives there.

Repairs are being made to the house of S. Ellery Jennison, which was considerably damaged by lightning during the storm of Saturday night.

In at least two cases between the postoffice and Hutchins Corner the hydrants recently installed are claimed to be practically in the middle of the sidewalk and more than apt to result in damage suits against the town. In one instance the hydant is reported as three feet from the fence of the adjoining landowner, and in other places but little less. Situated, as we are, with no street lamps such obstructions may form a serious menace to pedestrians and their establishment is causing much adverse criticism.

Capt. Charles Frisbee will, with clearing weather, take to Marblehead the auxiliary cutter Hantam, which put in here Sunday, after disabling her steering gear off Boon Island.

Schooner Georgietta, Capt. J. T. Irons, sailed from Port Reading Tuesday with a cargo of coal for Frisbee Brothers. The cargo was ordered only five days ago, which is unusually quick dispatch.

The funeral of Mrs. Leon Sawyer, a victim of the recent trolley collision at Cape Porpoise, was held on Tuesday at her late home in Kennebunk. Mrs. Sawyer was formerly Miss Eva Brooks and resided here for several years before her marriage in 1901.

There were in port on Tuesday the steam yacht Isis, owned by W. S. and J. T. Spaulding of Boston, the schooner yacht Taormina, owned by William S. Eaton of Boston, and the schooner yacht Sunshine, owned by Frederick L. Gay of Boston.

Master Joseph Frisbee, son of Oliver L. Frisbee, on Saturday observed his fourteenth birthday and today as a result thereof is the happy possessor of a fine new Salisbury skiff.

Schooners George E. Klinck, Three Marys and Mary W. Bowen are on the way to this port with coal.

The five master James W. Paul, Jr., which has been laid up here for over a month, has been chartered to load coal at Norfolk for San Juan, P. R., at $1.50 a ton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mead Howells, who have been at the family cottage here for a month past, have returned to their home in New York.

There have sailed from this port the schooners Ada E. Brown, to load ice at Bangor for Baltimore, and Florence A., to load lime at Rockland for New York.

KITTERY MERCHANTS
Wide Awake and Up TO Date

FRESH LINE OF FRUITS OF ALL KINDS AT
WALKER'S VARIETY STORE

CLARK & ROGERS
DRUGGISTS
TOILET ARTICLES

Sewer Pipe
All sizes Lowest prices
George D. Boulter

F. E. COOPER
Dealer in Groceries, Meats, Provisions, Grain
Stores at Kittery and Kittery Point

SERMON STORY
"THERE AND BACK"
By Rev. Edward Hallett Mary
A Discussion of Every Day Social Conditions
CLOTH BOUND 50 CENTS
Advance Orders Received by the Author

M. W. PAUL
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers. Dry, and Fancy Goods, and Up-to Date
LADIES' FURNISHINGS OF ALL KINDS

KITTERY BAKERY
Bread - Cake - Pastry
Fresh Every Day
L. ARCHIE WAGAR

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and Purifies the breath
A superior dentifrice for people of refinement
Established in 1866 by
J. P. Lyon, D.D.S.

WENT TO ARREST FOUND HIM DEAD

Benjamin Bridges Had Expired Before The Officers Arrived — Had Been Drinking Heavily

The York town constables on Tuesday started to place Benjamin Bridges under arrest when they found that he had died just before they arrived. Bridges along with Charles Philbrook have had a hut on Scotty Hill and there have been several complaints against them lately for being drunk and creating a disturbance. Tuesday the town constables started for the hut to arrest the two men and when they entered they found both men apparently asleep. Philbrook was aroused alright, but they could not arouse Bridge and an examination showed that he was dead.

A physician and the Coroner were called and death was said to be due to excessive drinking. Philbrook was taken to the town lockup and will be arraigned in court today.

A KITCHEN FIRE

Policeman Quinn and Louis Slosberg put out a small fire Tuesday evening in the kitchen in the rear of the Slosberg store. It made considerable smoke.

Deaths from Anaesthetics.

A question recently put to the secretary of state from the home department as to how many deaths occurred during the year 1907 in the metropolitan area and in the other parts of England and Wales respectively from the effects of the administration of anaesthetics elicited the reply that the figures for the year 1907 were not yet available, but according to the verdicts of coroners' juries and the certificates of medical practitioners there were in the year 1906 61 deaths in London and 119 in the remainder of England and Wales caused by anaesthetics administered for operations.

It was stated that there appeared to be some reason to doubt whether the certificates on which these returns were based were in all cases complete and that there must necessarily sometimes be difficulty in determining if death under an anaesthetic was caused by the anaesthetic. It was proposed, therefore, to make further inquiry into the matter.—British Medical Journal.

Day's Travel for Good Horse.

A very good horse can in ten hours go 60 miles if the vehicle is light and the turnpike good.

Good Medicine.

He that has enthusiasm needs no other tonic.

"Our Customers are Fashion's Friends."

After you decide where you will go on your vacation,

and what you will need to take along, you may find you want an extra Trunk, Suit Case or Travelling Bag. In our Trunk and Bag Department you will find such needs anticipated as our stock of these goods is large and comprehensive.

Trunks $3.00 to $15.00.
Suit Cases $2.00 to $12.00.
Bags $2.00 to $10.00.

HENRY PEYSER & SON "Selling the togs of the period"

OUTFITTERS We clothe from head to foot

Copyright, 1908, by L. ADLER BROS. & CO.

We've certainly thrown ourselves in our preparations to please both the young and the old.

This is one of our stylish rigs, a suit of exceptional merit.

Our tables are filled with the best clothing that money can buy.

N. H. Beane & Co.
3 Congress St.

The Constantly Increasing Sales
—of the—
Portsmouth Brewing Co.
Attest the Purity and Excellence of Their Products.

THEIR CELEBRATED
HALF STOCK AND
Portsburger Lager
ARE THE LEADERS

Brewery and Office, No. 64 Bow St., Portsmouth, N. H.
ALL BOTTLERS IN PORTSMOUTH ARE OUR DISTRIBUTING AGENTS

Thin Suitings

Just the thing for the Hot Weather—Blue Serges in All Weights.

ARMY AND NAVY TAILORING.

CHARLES J. WOOD
5 PLEASANT STREET
TELEPHONE

Plain, Colored Figured, Plate and Mirror
Glass and Glazing
Arthur M. Clark
17-21 Daniel St. Tel. 325-4

A New Hotel
at the Old Stand
$250,000 has ust been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing, and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service U lled
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvement
All surface cars pass or transfer to door
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronting on three streets
Electric Clocks, Telephones and Automatic Lighting Devices in every room
Moderate Rates
MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor
Send for guide of New York-Free

Horse Shoeing
CARRIAGE WORK AND BLACKSMITHING.
your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.
If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.
Sign Hanging and General Job Work
Attended To.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
IRA C. SEYMOUR.
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DYSPEPSIA
"Having taken your wonderful "Cascarets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to "Cascarets" for their wonderful composition. I have taken, in common with other sufferers, nostrums but without avail and I feel that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."
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Best For The Bowels
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CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Many Holdups on Tag Day in Capital

WASHINGTON.—Every man on the streets here on June 13 wore a tag by a string from his buttonhole. It was a plain cardboard tag such as the express companies use, and it did not add to the appearance of one's dress, but it saved money and a holdup to wear it. June 13 was tag day in Washington. Tag day was a device to squeeze dimes and quarters out of every pedestrian for the benefit of a castoff children's playground. It was a pretty mean man who would not hand out a dime at least once for a tag. It was an exclusively high-toned or rich man's one who would not wear it. No dime, no tag. No tag, no peace. The holdup of wearers of untagged coats occurred every 25 feet. Something like $7,000 was realized as a result of the "holdups" for the playground.

Children peddled the tags in all parts of the city, and no man escaped. There were store tags, house tags, automobile tags, cab tags and personal tags and a five-dollar tag that made the owner immune from attack in all quarters. The store tag cost a dollar, likewise the house tag. Every woman was held up in every store, and it cost her a dollar to continue her round of shopping without further solicitation.

President Roosevelt came across for a five-dollar tag that allowed him to take his customary drive on horseback without being held up at the bridge. Attorney General Bonaparte was tagged twice. A beautiful young woman held him boldly in front of the White House Friday, which was a day in advance of official time for the tag holdup. He dug up a round dollar cheerfully and said it was worth it. But he forgot the tag when he sauntered out Saturday, and he had to shell out again.

Young Quentin Roosevelt made a street record. He stood in front of his schoolhouse and took $9.20 in an hour peddling ten-cent tags. Then he moved down to the Mall before the White House, where he suspected money would come in bigger pieces, but he was lashed to the mast there in no time after two automobiles drove up filled with daintily clad girls, who piled out and worried the thoroughfare and White House grounds to a finish. The girls then ventured into the sacred precincts of the White House and sought Mr. Loeb, but could not find him. Learning that he, like the president, was exempt, under the rules of the game, they left, by virtue of the five-dollar tag, complimentary tags for both just for luck.

Next the bevy of young beauty assailed the Riggs National bank and held up every one from the president down.

Mrs. Meyer Rouses Feminine Tempest

CAN American society affairs be conducted along lines laid down by the European nobility?

Mrs. George von Lengerke Meyer, wife of the postmaster general, has been doing some experimenting the past season.

Resenting the free and easy custom of everybody and anybody visiting the cabinet homes, Mrs. Meyer has attempted to introduce foreign methods as regards calling and the general programme.

Not since Mrs. Levi P. Morton drew such a line of distinction between accidental official position and hereditary social standing has Washington been so wrought up as over Mrs. Meyer's haughty attitude toward the wives of cabinet officers and other men in public life.

Mrs. Meyer's treatment of wives of members of congress has caused no end of criticism. She inaugurated the habit of asking women from the far west or the south of the Beacon street circle if they thought it obligatory for them to call on one so far removed geographically. It was broadly intimated she would not be at all offended if the lesser social lights—wives of congressmen particularly—eliminated her from their visiting lists.

Then Mrs. Meyer aroused a tempest in the teapot by her treatment of her associates in the cabinet circle. She invariably ignored her colleagues when she was getting up such smart entertainments as the dinner and reception to the duke of the Abruzzi or the duchess of Sutherland. She invited only members of the diplomatic corps, and selected principally the wives of millionaires from the resident society.

Mrs. Meyer was, before marriage, Miss Alice Appleton, daughter of the well-known head of the great publishing company. She inherited a large fortune.

Mrs. Meyer recently departed for London. She will spend the season with her two daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Julia Meyer. These young women have already bowed to the three monarchs, the czar, the emperor of Austria and the king of Italy. They will soon make their courtesy to the ruler of Great Britain.

Postage Stamp Gum as Article of Diet

EVERY time a person licks a United States postage stamp he gets a taste of sweet potato. The gum with which the stamps are backed is made from that succulent vegetable because Uncle Sam's lieutenants consider it the most harmless preparation of the sort.

All of the gum used on American postage stamps is mixed by the government at the bureau of engraving and printing, where the stamps are made. It is spread on the sheets after the stamps have been printed.

The gum, in a liquid form, is forced up through pipes from the basement, where it is made. These pipes lead to a series of machines consisting of rollers, between which the sheets of stamps are fed, one at a time.

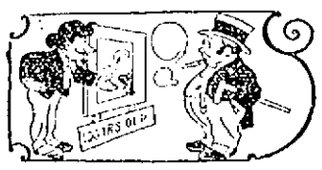
A continuous fine stream of the liquid gum falls upon one of these rollers. The sheet with its wet coating of sweet potato mucilage passes from the rollers into a long horizontal flue with hot air. When it emerges at the other end the gum is dry.

The government makes two kinds of postage stamp mucilage. If one could see the packages of stamps as they come to the post office ready to be sold one would find them labeled, according to season, "Summer Gum" or "Winter Gum." The former is much the harder of the two and was devised some years ago to keep the stamps from getting sticky in warm, moist weather.

While Uncle Sam tries to make the lot of the stamp licker as innocuous as possible, he does not advise making a meal off his sweet potato gum. The whole process of gum making and applying is made as clean as possible, but there is yet another item to be considered.

A sheet of postage stamps is handled a good many times before it even leaves the bureau where it is made. If you must lick any of your stamps pick out those from the middle of the sheet. The corner ones have gone through the fingers of half a dozen or more counters, not to mention the perforators and the separators and the rest.

American "Suckers" Warned by Consul



THE American consul at Dunfermline has furnished a guide to "suckers" in a report warning the American tourist what not to buy in the way of antique and art objects.

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that even a man with much money cannot take a 30 day correspondence course in art and antiquity and then tell what he is buying, he points out these familiar deceptions that are now being hung up abroad for rich Americans who are thirsting for artistic environment:

"Robert Burns Chairs—Bobbie did not keep an installment furniture house, and what the constable did not take, buyers long ago have.

"Mary Queen of Scots Tables—The queen was rather migratory, owing to circumstances, and did not carry many tables around with her.

"Sheffield Plate—It is mostly modern, aged with processes that are new.

"Engravings and Prints—Ancient copies are turned off the press every day for the 'Irish' from America.

"Crystal and China—The servants broke most of the old stuff centuries ago, and the old shapes are entirely new.

"Rare Old Furniture—This is made with pumice stone and oil, which will age any old chair or table in a week."

Summing up, he says that for more than 50 years collectors have ransacked every available nook for antiques and works of art, and that wherever one is to be found it costs money and ought to be accompanied with a responsible dealer's guarantee.

Handwriting in the Air

By LIEUT. F. V. S. CHAMBERLAIN

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The Thirty-first United States Infantry was being organized at the Presidio of San Francisco, preparatory to sailing to "the islands."

My company had nearly reached its complement of 150 men, being but two short of that number, when the order came for us to sail in ten days on the transport America. We, the officers, were assembled in the adjutant's tent discussing the order when that gentleman remarked: "Carson, two men enlisted this morning, and, as you are shy, I sent them to your outfit. Guess the first sergeant has 'em now. Two brothers, and look to me like Hindus, but swore they were Americans, and I had to take them on. Gave the names of Thomas and William Jones."

I strolled over to my tent, where the old first sergeant, veteran of Cuba, Porto Rico and numerous Indian campaigns, met me with the two recruits.

"Get them their clothes, sergeant, and let Sergt. Murphy drill them at once, so they will be in some kind of shape before we leave," I ordered, and forgot all about my strange appearing recruits until we had been a week at sea, when the sergeant, when he handed me the morning report, said:

"Captain, them two Jones brothers ain't Americans. They're some kind of heathen, but they're all right. Seems they've been at the world's fair in Chicago and been peddling rugs ever since. Got broke, I guess, and then took on."

That evening, when inspecting the men's quarters for the night, I found my company gathered on the mess deck intently watching some one in the center of the throng. Suspecting the forbidden poker game, I crowded in and found Corp. McGuire, a fine type of old soldier, devoutly crossing himself while examining in his other hand a silver dollar, which, when Thomas Jones closed his fingers for him, was found, on opening the hand again, to be a copper cent. McGuire dropped the cent, broke from the crowd muttering "Howly Mother! They're crooked, somehow, all right, all right."

Nothing could induce McGuire to re-enter the crowd, and the next day, with the old soldier's privilege, he approached me.

"Captain, them two recruits is crooked somehow, sir. Why! That Tom Jones can write in the air and his brother answer him from the other end of the ship. I've seen 'em do it meself, sir."

Presuming the Jones brothers to be joking with the old man, I ordered the first sergeant to stop it for the sake of peace and discipline in the company.

Three months later my company and Lieut Sanborn's were stationed at Daitle, a large town on the lonely east coast of Luzon, operating against the forces of Lieut. Col. Segovia of Aguinaldo's army, who made his headquarters in the village of Paracale, some 30 miles up the coast, strongly intrenched behind an unfordable river. The old major in command, energetic and anxious to make a name for himself and his new regiment, kept small parties out constantly to clean up the lawless bands of insurrectos in the intermediate country before moving on the stronghold at Paracale. One Saturday morning Lieut. Hargood with 40 men of my company, including Thomas Jones, went out to capture an outpost of the enemy, reported by the scouts on the far bank of the river in front of the village of Labaao, about 18 miles from Daitle.

Hargood should have returned by Sunday night, and when the detachment was still out Monday evening, Maj. Coole came over to my quarters to talk over the matter. Hardly had the major seated himself on my veranda when the first sergeant and McGuire appeared in the dusk. Saluting, the sergeant reported:

"Captain, that William Jones is a-lying on his bunk writin' in the air with his fingers. Says that outfit with Lieut. Hargood is surrounded in the church at Labaao and must have help. Says his brother is a writin' to him, sir."

"Yes, sir," broke in McGuire, "same as they did on the transport as I was a tellin' the captain, sir!"

The major grunted out something about "feel soldiers' talk," but made no objection to my order to have Jones brought to my house at once. On arrival he confirmed what the sergeant had said, declared his brother and the detachment to be in danger, but evaded all questions touching his brother's ability to transmit thought through 18 miles of space intervening between them.

"Well," said the major, "I don't believe a word of it, Carson, but they've been out too long, so you had better take your company, what's left of it, leave Sanborn here with me, and go up there right away. Take the doctor, plenty of ammunition and three days' rations on the pack ponies. If you bump into any of the Segovia outfit, shoot 'em up and find Hargood, sure."

I gave the necessary orders to the sergeant, much to Jones' apparent relief, and entered the house to change my white uniform for the blue shirt, leggins and field hat used on a "hike." When I reached the quarters 20 minutes later I found the company ready. Most of the men had made arrangements to go out before the order came, and the dozen little pack ponies were ready with their loads, a soldier at the head of each. The doctor and two men of the hospital corps were there, each with his field pouch of medicines and dressings, and in five minutes we started. Every soldier had 100 rounds of Krag cartridges in his belt, while from the breast pockets of the blue shirts could be seen two boxes of 20 cartridges each, taken along, as the quartermaster-sergeant expressed it: "In case of a tie, sir."

Bayonets were left behind, as they made too much noise swinging in the scabbards, and were of little use among the Tagalos, who seldom fought at close quarters, as did the Moros or Visayans of Mindanao and Samar.

I noticed a feeling of uneasiness among the men just before we started, and was told that Jones had another message from his brother that Lieut. Hargood was wounded and three men killed. I confess I was nervous myself, but walked up and down the long column of twos, the only practical formation on the narrow trail, to try to quiet the men. It was of no use. They were apprehensive and nervous after the weird and uncanny events of the hour before, and McGuire's declaration that the Jones brothers "was wrong somehow," was having its effect.

A few miles out, one of the three men in advance on the point fired at a shadow through nervousness, increasing the intense mental strain we labored under. When we halted at the end of the first hour I noticed few of the men sat down to rest, most of them remaining in little groups earnestly whispering. Suddenly one called me, and I found William Jones, surrounded by a little group, flat on his back, writing with his forefinger in the air. By this time my skepticism had disappeared, and I knew I felt as much fear of Jones and his wonderful powers as any one in the company.

"What do you know, Jones? answer me," I commanded.

"Two more dead and two hit, sir," he replied.

We started forward, and so throughout the night the uncanny news came to us, sometimes at the halt, and sometimes while marching. At daylight we had reached the river, 400 yards beyond which the Labaao church, a gloomy pile of stone, appeared through the early light. Leaving the doctor with 20 men and the pack train behind a hill to the rear, I formed a line of skirmishers, the men stripped to rifle, belt and canteen, preparatory to fording the river. Not a shot had we heard, which increased our feeling of awe. Had we come on a wild goose chase, misled by the foolish antics of a possibly crazy man? Or, on the other hand, were our men dead in the church, their bodies mutilated as only a Filipino can dishonor the dead? I almost prayed for something to happen to relieve the tension. Just as we reached the middle of the shallow river it came.

A volley from many loud-mouthed Remingtons on the opposite bank and a man near me yelled:

"Struck something, by God."

I turned to see a man fall into the water, and heard a squad leader call: "Bill Jones gone. Got it in the head."

As usual, the Filipino volley was high, and after a return fire from us, standing to our waists in the water, a line of small men in blue cotton shirts and trousers broke from the bamboo at the water's edge and scampered over the hill, a few of them dropping from our fire. We pushed on with a yell such as none but American soldiers can give, only to be stopped at the top of the bank by a volley from a line of hemp bales, improvised into a barricade, across the end of the street, at the head of which the side of the church faced. A few rounds, and that line broke and ran, pursued by two of our sections, while with the other two I double-lined to surround the church, fearing a trap. On the belfry, however, appeared the round face of Patsy Rourke, a tough kid bugler:

"Got any sow belly? We heerd them Krag volleys. I knowed dat Dago'ed do somethin' wit' his writin' in the air; seen him do it on the ship."

"Shut up," sternly replied the first sergeant; "how do you get in?"

There was no need for reply. The church door opened, disclosing a barricade of door tiles behind it, and 18 drawn-faced men, each with three cartridges in his hand who dropped over and asleep on the floor as soon as we entered.

In the rear, back of the altar, I found the wounded lieutenant and 12 of his men. Thomas Jones, who had been shot through the lungs, among them, feebly writing with his hand in the air. Just as I reached him he whispered:

"Bill is dead. I can't hear him, but I knew he would come as he said," and then, with a few words in some tongue strange to me, a bloody cough and a sigh, he joined his brother in that mystic unknown, which they, strange waifs of fortune, seemed to know better than any of us, their comrades in arms.

Much Yet to Be Surveyed.

The mapping of the United States by the geological survey has been in progress since 1879 and so far somewhat more than a third of the country has been surveyed, or about 1,050,000 square miles, exclusive of parts of Alaska.

Misspoke.

Mrs. ——: I can remember the day when you begged me to say the word that would make you happy for life.

Mr. ——: I knew—but you said the wrong word.—Life.

A STROLL IN THE PARK

The Supposition Is That the Pair Finally Went.

"As for me," said he, "I should like to take a stroll in the park."

And looking at her with the raised features of inquiry, he seemed to say: "How about you?"

But as for her, sitting on the top step and looking up at the stars, she nothing said.

"Yes, yes," said he again. "I should like to take a stroll in the park."

And directing to her again the features of inquiry he seemed to say: "That's twice."

"Then," said she, looking at him with all the blandness of incuriosity, her lovely face ethereal in the starlight, her chin upon her hand and her elbow on her knee—"then," said she, gently, softly, with a certain sweet air of impersonality, "why don't you, Mr. Gobang?"

"Ah!" said he, with a gesture of satisfaction, "I'll tell you." He drew close to her as though about to deliver confidences of secrecy, looking smugly up at the stars, looking smugly down at her, trying his note with the air of a pampered tenor about to enjoy the plaudits of the multitude, and tunefully then he turned to her, made a cozy little gesture that was almost a caress, and began:

"Last night," said he—"Ah! how long it seems since then—before you came—it is difficult to believe that I met you only two short hours ago—ah, well! Last night," said he, "seeking the cool of the trees and wishing to escape the banality of boarders, I strolled down the avenue and into the park. Yes, yes; into the park."

He made the sad gestures of melancholy, of a young man deserving a pity, of one misunderstood and seeking but for a communion of soul.

"Into the park," said he, "into the park. Above were the stars; below was the grass; while all around—"

He paused, his voice vibrating into silence, fluttering like a thread of silk held between the teeth and blown out into a semblance of rigidity, a silence of substance, tangible, appealing, inviting, commanding—

"—while all around—"

"Yes?" she whispered.

"—was Love," he whispered back.

Quiet then he sat and lonely, looking over at the park with an aspect of wistfulness, barely discernible in the shadows, dimly silhouetted against the distance, his shoulders hunched forward with the contraction of weariness and his hands clasped around his knees with all the humility of one who dares not hope.

"—was Love," he whispered. "Yes, yes. I looked for a seat in vain. Love held them all. I wandered along the winding paths. But Love preceded me and Love followed. Arm in arm they strolled, or arm in arm they sat, happy, blissful, content. I wandered on in silence while all around me murmured Love. I stopped and Love grumbled. I turned and Love softly hissed between its tightened lips. Finding a single seat at last, I sat me down, but Love arose and went away, grumbling its expressions and piping its opinions of all who came to see. Wherefore I came away and wherefore do I suppose that I must stay away—forever—and a day."

Quiet again he sat and lonely, but now they both looked over at the park, its dark branches waving against a darker sky, waving an intricate pattern of Love, waving a warning against the intrusion of interlopers, waving a weave of happiness and of mystery, beating time to the melody of this one singing, as he again took up the burden of his song.

"Ah—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Proone," she gently told him.

"Ah, Miss Proone," he eagerly exclaimed, "little do you know—you who have just come from the country—little do you know the loneliness of a great city. All around one are the evidences of a gayety and life. Dances—"

He made the gesture of a finished artist, indicating unto her the dreamy figure of a waltz, the glow of lights, the ever-climbing melody of countless violins.

"—receptions—"

He gestured anew.

"—theaters—"

Ah, then what eloquence!

"—concerts and everything! Hundreds of times have I wished to go, but—there was none with whom I cared to go. None. None—"

His voice almost went before it died away, and when he sat quiet again, and lonely beyond words, they both looked over toward the park with a mournfulness that verged on open tears. Making then a sudden motion, as though dismissing a subject already discussed too long, he looked at her with affected cheerfulness, saying:

"It's going to be warmer, I think."

But still her eyes dwelled on the park, her lovely face ethereal in the starlight, her chin upon her hand, her elbow on her knee; and seeing her so he dared to strike his closing chord:

"If—"

Listening for an answering melody he saw that she was smiling—not unkindly.

"You won't need your hat," he said, arising.

Rapid, Still, Powderless Gun.

Paris.—The Journal announces that a French engineer named Ponteaux has invented a mitrailleuse worked by electricity, which can fire without powder and with no explosion 1,200 bullets a minute. Experiments soon will be made with the weapon, and if successful it is believed the gun will revolutionize modern artillery.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MAN.

He was a superstitious man,
Who loved a pretty maid,
He wooed her long, but still to pop
The question he delayed.
At last resolved to know his fate,
Beneath the moon's pale sheen
He sallied forth, but soon recalled
The date—it was thirteen.

Returning to his little rooms:—
"If I should ask her, lo!
Upon this hoodoo date," he cried,
"She'd surely answer no.
To-morrow is the fourteenth; then
I'll sally forth again
To win her promise, and I feel
It will not be in vain."

So, dressed with most exceeding care,
Next evening forth he went,
And kneeling at her feet implored
The maiden's sweet consent,
Alas! his superstition got
A fearful jolt instead:—
"Ed Bates proposed last night, and I
Accepted him," she said.
—Minnie Irving, in New York Herald.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

He—They didn't ask me here because they liked me, simply because I can sing.

She—Oh, I'm sure you are mistaken.

Tough.

It's tough to see your wife arrayed
In lovely peek-a-boos;
To see her in a low-necked gown
And pumps instead of shoes.
To see her on a summer's day
As cool as apple that,
When she won't let you come outside,
Unless you wear a coat.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Fool at a Boarding House.

Jinks—That fellow Sillpate is the most inexcusable fool I ever saw.

Winks—What has he been doing to you?

Jinks—A few days ago some one invited him to dinner at our boarding house. Well, sir, that idiot just praised every dish on the table, and complimented the landlady on her cooking, until she raised our rates two dollars a week.—New York Weekly.

Undying Love.

Mr. Billion—You shall never marry my daughter, sir.

Impassioned Suitor—Your threats do not frighten me. I'll marry her or die! When once I love, sir, no power on earth can—

Mr. Billion—Oh, I'm not proposing to use force. How much cash will it take to buy you off?

Impassioned Suitor—Um—er—how much'll you give?—New York Weekly.

Reason Dethroned.

Anxious Mother—I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man 30 years older than herself.

Judge—Why, madam, girls marry old men every day, and are not considered insane.

Anxious Mother—Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor.—New York Weekly.

Her Idea of a Walk.

Patience—I see, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the Bellingham mills have cut lumber enough to make a 12-inch boardwalk around the world.

Patrice—Suppose there was such a walk; you couldn't get any fellow to walk the entire length of it with you, so what good would it be?—Yonkers Statesman.

Gave It Up.

"Uncle Henry, how big a tarpon did you ever catch?"

"Why, Sammy, once I—but how big a tarpon did you ever hear of?"

"Seven feet ten inches is the record."

"I'm not going to try to beat that, Sammy. I have only a few years to live, and I want to go to heaven some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Oppressive Law.

Bacon—I see a judge in a western town has fined a man $25 for playing a cornet on the street after ten o'clock at night.

Egbert—Was it a prohibition town?

"No, I believe not."

"Then why couldn't the man go out on a toot?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Has a Better Thing.

"I used to know that man when he was a struggling lawyer. What business does he follow now?"

"Skimming cream."

"Skimming cream? Is he in the dairy business?"

"Dairy nothing! He's receiver for a bankrupt trust company."—Chicago Tribune.

Not the Same.

"It's a pity," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "that a man isn't like pie crust."

"Because why?" asked the dense person.

"Then," explained the t. t., "the shorter he is the richer he would be."—Chicago Daily News.

Boston & Maine R.R.

IN EFFECT JUNE 22, 1908

Trains leave Portsmouth for Newburyport, Salem, Lynn and Boston—5.25, N5.24, 6.25, 7.20, 7.52, §8.00, 8.15, §10.00, 10.40, 11.55 a.m., 12.47, 1.55, §2.00, 3.21, A3.57, *4.00, 5.20, 6.10, §6.00, 7.27 p. m.

Greenland—7.52 §8.00 8.15, 10.55 a. m., *5.00, 6.40 §7.00 p. m.

North Hampton, Hampton—*6.25, 7.30, 7.52, 8.00, 9.37, §10.00, 11.55 a. m., §2.00, 3.21, *5.00, 6.10, §7.00 p. m.

North Berwick—W7.35, 10.54, §10.50 a. m., 12.50 W 6.22 p.m.

Biddeford—W7.35, 10.54, *10.53 a.m., 12.50, W 6.22 *5.50 p.m

West Kennebunk, Saco—10.54 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Portland—W7.35, 10.54, *10.50, 11.26 a.m., 1.53, W5.22, *5.00, *11.47 p.m.

Dover—6.00, 7.35, 7.55, 10.45, 11.45 a. m., 12.50, 3.21, 4.42, §5.00, 5.22, *5.52 p. m.

Somersworth, Rochester — 10.54 a.m., 11.11 12.07, W 6.22 5.20 p.m.

Wolfboro, North Conway—10.54 11.11 a. m. 3.07, W5.20 p.m

Lakeport, Laconia—7.35, 10.46 a. m., 12.42, 5.22 p.m.

Greenland Village, Rockingham Junction, Epping, Raymond, Manchester Concord—W7.32 10.30 a. m., 12.40, *5.25 §7.00 p.m.

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.
§Sunday only.
A Express to Boston.
W Via Dover and Western Division.
N Newburyport only.
M Wolfboro only, except Friday and Saturday
H Monday only
Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket offices.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pass. Traf. Mgr
C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt

TIME TABLE

Atlantic Shore Line Ry

SUMMER 1908

From Portsmouth Ferry leaves connecting with cars for

FOR Eliot and Dover—6.55, 7.55, 8.55 9.25 a. m., and every half hour until 7.55 p. m., then 8.55, 9.55 and *10.55 p. m.
For Kittery and Kittery Corner only.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For South Berwick—6.55, 7.55, a. m., and every hour until 9.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 10.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach via Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55, a. m. and every half hour until 9.25 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach via Rosemary—8.55 a. m., and every hour until 9.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunk and Town House—6.55 a. m., and every hour until 8.55 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

FROM DOVER

For Portsmouth—6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 9.50 a. m., then five and thirty minutes past the hour until 8.05 p. m., then 9.05 and 10.05 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.
Note—Cars leaving on the half hour run through without change.
Cars leaving five minutes past the hour make connections by changing at Rosemary Junction.

FROM SOUTH BERWICK
LEAVE SALMON FALLS BRIDGE.

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and every hour until 10.00 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

FROM YORK BEACH

For Portsmouth via Rosemary—6.30 a. m., and every hour until 9.30 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.
For Portsmouth (via P., K. & Y. Div.)—5.35, 6.00, 6.35, 7.05, 7.35, a. m. then on the hour and thirty five minutes past the hour until 9.35 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.35, 8.00, 8.35, 9.00 a. m. and continuing same as week day schedule

FROM TOWN HOUSE.

For Portsmouth—6.50 a. m., and every hour until 8.50 p. m.
Sundays—First trip at 7.50 a. m.
For time tables or general information apply to A. B. Foster, Pass. Agt., Portsmouth, N.H. or F. H. Kirk Gen. Mgr. Sanford, Maine.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RY.

In effect June 28, 1908

Cars leave Market Square for Rye Beach, Little Boar's Head and North Beach: 07.05, 9.05, then half hourly until 9.05 p. m. Saturdays 9.45 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays 10.05 11.05 p. m.; other nights, 10.05 p. m. to Little Boar's Head only.

To Cable Road, *15.35 a.m. For Hampton *6.25 a. m. For Rye Beach P. O. *6.45 a. m.

Leave North Beach, *8.05 a. m., 9.05 then half hourly until 10.05 p. m. Saturdays, 10.35 p. m. Thursdays and Sundays, 12.05 a. m.

Leave Cable Road, *16.10 a. m., Leave Rye Beach P. O. *7.35 a. m. Leave Little Boars Head 10.35 p. m., except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Cars leave Market Square via Plains and Christian Shore Loops, *6.35 a. m., *7.05 a. m. then half hourly until 10.05 p. m., *10.35, *11.05 p. m.

Sundays (Plains Loop), via Middle Street 10.35 p. m.

*Omitted Sundays. ‡Omitted holidays.
‖Run to No. Hampton Sundays.‖

Last cars from Market Square each night run to car barn only.

For special car rates and general information apply to E. P. Fosgate, Asst. Sup't., Room Congress Block, Portsmouth, N. H. Tel. 33.

NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.15, 2.45, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, *6.00, ‖7.15 p. m. Sundays—10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays—9.30, 10.30 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, *6.10, ‖10.00 p. m. Sundays—10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays—10.00, 11.00, 12.00 a. m.

*May 15 to October 15.
‖Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. M. DOYLE, U. S. N.,
Captain of the Yard.
Approved: E. K. MOORE, U. S. N.
Commandant.

J. W. BARRETT,
Plumbing and Heating.
Telephone Connection.
NO. 17 BOW ST.

THE CALL OF THE HILLS

By LUCRETIA DUNHAM CLAPP

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"The mountains, the mist, and the moonlight! There ain't nothin' like 'em—is there, Jim?"

The girl looked up into the man's face. She stood leaning on the fence, both elbows resting on the top rail, the moonlight showing full on her upturned face, softening the heavy lines of mouth and chin. All about them rose the mountains, steeped in moonlight and in shadow, rearing their wooded heights far into the evening sky. Behind them stretched the white road, and beyond that a small mountain cabin, surrounded by a few acres of rough, rudely-cultivated ground.

The September moon was waning, but the night was warm and pallid. The mists hung low, pierced with moonlight. A light wind, coming down the valley, blew strands of the girl's dark hair and wrapped her skirts about her, bringing out the strong, bold lines of her figure. She was heavily-built—large of bone, deep of bosom an over-development, the result of heavy work, of toil in the fields from sunrise to sunset. Environment had played a great part in this girl's life, yet with the red blood that flowed through her veins there was health — great, bounding, joyous health. Her face showed the touches of mountain winds and of summer suns, and in her eyes lay a shadow; something of the mystery, perhaps, of the mountains themselves.

"The mountains, the mists, and the moonlight!" The girl's eyes wandered from the face of the man at her side to the far, dim lines of hills; then they came slowly back again.

"I ain't never had much else, Jim, only night after night, just like this one, when I've stood here in this same spot and seen the moon come out and the hills begin to shadow. Seem'd like it was the only time of the day when there wan't nothing to do; the supper done and the dishes washed and put away; pa a smokin' his pipe and the children in bed. Seem'd like the hills was a callin' me and I had to answer. It's all I ever had, Jim, till you came."

She paused, and her face showed pale.

"I guess I must have always liked you, ever since I could remember. An' we've been happy together, you an' me—'til—'til the last few months. That's why I ast you to come to-night."

Her hands pressed hard on the rail in front of her.

"Don't you think I'm blamin' you, Jim. It's just one of those things that's got to be. I've watched it a comin' and I couldn't see no other way out of it. Why, the children was always a tallkin' 'bout the new teacher, an' last spring when she was so good—"

Her eyes went suddenly across the fields to where she could see in the moonlight a rough board that marked a long grave.

"Seem'd 's though there never was no time for me to go to school, what with the children a comin' so fast, an' all the mendin' and cookin', to say nothin' of the work in the fields. But I knew you loved me, Jim, and somehow I didn't care so much 'bout others—only for your sake, when I seen you goin' with the others. You've always had a longin' for books, and I noticed how you took right hold an' studied home a studyin', night after night. The mountains has been all the teacher I've ever knowed, an' they ain't never failed me yet. There's somethin' in their bigness an' their stillness that sometimes seems to just draw my heart right out. It kinder seem 's though the Lord had made 'em for me."

She stretched out both arms with a wide, sweeping gesture.

"I love their awful silence. Sometimes it seems to answer somethin' inside of me—a kind of longin' I can't just tell. You've been awful good to me, Jim, an' I know you loved me once. But I could see that you was a gettin' restless, seem'd like you wanted more'n just this. You us't to talk 'bout goin' away, even before the new teacher come. An' when she let you take all them books—why, they wasn't nothin' to me, but a printed page. But I could see they was more to you. You ain't never been the same since. You've tried hard to love me an' to keep your promise, but it ain't no use. I've always loved you, Jim, an' I'd have worked for you an' been a good wife. But I won't never be any more'n I am now—while she—she's more like you."

She paused and caught her breath. "Besides I've been a thinkin' lately, perhaps it wouldn't be just right for me to leave pa an' the children. I don't want you to feel bad, Jim—tain't no fault o' yours. Seem's like there's some things in this world that's just got to be."

Her voice died away suddenly. The man at her side shifted his feet uneasily. Her face showed white in the moonlight. Her full lips looked tight and drawn.

"I—I guess you'd better be a goin' now, Jim."

She held out her hand. He took it, and it felt hard and cold.

"Good-by," she said, slowly. Then, with a quick motion, she came nearer and looked up into his face.

"I wish you'd kiss me once, Jim, before you go—just once. 'Twon't be no wrong to her."

He stooped and pressed his lips on hers, hard and long.

"Good-by," he said, and the tones of his voice roused her.

She watched him until he passed out of her sight down the road. Then she rested her arms upon the rail of the fence and laid her head down upon them. The moon, rising higher above the distant hills, looked wan and white. The wind was blowing chill. The girl stood a few moments; then she turned slowly, crossed the white road, and went up the narrow path to the cabin that stood like a dark blotch on the white of the landscape. She pushed open the door and went in. The light from a candle threw the greater part of the room in shadow. There were a few embers in the great open fireplace, and beside them sat her father, the rings of smoke from his pipe floating lazily upward to lose themselves amid the rough joistcons that formed the ceiling. He looked up as the girl entered.

The girl crossed the room, picked up a basket full of coarse stockings from the rude beach table, and seating herself near the candle thrust her needle in and out with a quick, sharp motion. The room was full of a pungent odor from the red peppers and bunches of dried herbs that hung from the ceiling.

The old man, shifting his gaze from the fire, removed his pipe and opened his lips.

"Where's—," he began. The girl looked up quickly. Two bright spots of color burned in either cheek.

"You'd better be a goin' to bed, pa. It's gettin' late."

Then the needle flashed in and out again, swiftly, silently. The old man drew a few more puffs; then he stooped and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He rose and crossed the room, and, with a rough, unwonted tenderness, laid one heavy hand on her shoulder.

"Good night, pa," she answered, sharply.

A little while later she folded and laid away the last stocking. Then she rose, and, taking up the candle, passed slowly into the room that she had shared with the other children ever since she could remember. Without undressing she blew out the candle and threw herself down upon the hard bed and lay there, staring up at the ceiling, wild-eyed, sleepless. She could hear the sound, deep breathing of the children, but she was conscious of nothing save this new sense of pain, of loneliness, of longing.

She had never known human sympathy. She had never felt the need of it. Born of the mountains, living her life beneath the shadow of their mystery, finding in their wild canyons and deep gorges, their sweeping winds and cold, still summits, an answer to the mystery of life, to the dim silence of the soul. In their loneliness they had called her, and they were calling her now. She rose dumbly and passed into the outer room. The embers had died down, leaving only a pile of dead ashes on the hearth. She unbarred the heavy door and went out into the night. The stillness was like velvet. Before her stretched the long, white road; beyond it the mountains bathed in mists, dark with shadows. She hurried on and on, all the wild unrest of heart and brain reaching out in answer to this wordless, unknown call. Now the mists and the darkness enfolded her; great crags, cloud-capped, towered above her. She struggled on dumbly.

On all sides of her rose the great forest trees. Through the dense foliage the moonlight shifted faintly. Now and then the tangled undergrowth tripped her. Huge bowlders, washed down by some mountain torrent, lay across the path. The smell of vegetation, damp, reeking with death and decay, came to her nostrils. The long, complaining note of some night bird reached her ears, and far away in the distance the bark of a coyote. Once she paused, feeling some human presence near, but it was only the rippling of a mountain brook and the wailing of the wind.

At length, exhausted, she sank down close to a great bowlder. She rested her arm against the rock and leaned her head upon it. Dimly she felt the peace of the vast, pregnant silence. Far below her lay the valley, shrouded in mists; above her the great heights shrouded in mystery, and calling, ever calling.

She started up suddenly, conscious of a new element. The wind was rising. All about her she could feel the deep undertone of the forest. She stood still and listened, and for the first time felt a vague fear. From the distance she heard the deep boom of the mountain torrent. A light flashed among the trees, followed by a roar that seemed to come from the very bowels of the mountains. The wind had quickened into terrible life. The great trunk of the tree bent and swayed; bowlders and pieces of rock rolled down the mountain side.

The girl knelt down, hiding her face. The roar deepened. Suddenly, from above, there came a mighty undercurrent of sound. Down from the summit, crashing, tearing, splitting the ground in wide, yawning seams, came a mighty forest monarch. It tore through the ranks of the other trees with swift and terrible force. The girl, lifting her head, watched it coming. She stood as one in a dream, making no sound, no motion. Suddenly she stretched out her arms. There was a blinding flash; a quiver; a great cry that lost itself, only to find its echo in the shriek of the winds.

The night quivered into silence. The winds slunk away. Foiled in their mystery, in their unfathomable stillness, vast, pregnant, primeval, rose the mountains. Their hills had called to her and she had answered their call.

TIMBRELL'S SKEZOOKS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Timbrell had been riding hard for 12 hours, the first eight of which were spent mostly in looking back over his shoulders. But no none had appeared in sight, and gradually the hunted look was leaving his face. Two hours ahead were the hills, and once in their fastnesses he could defy the most desperate of pursuits.

The prairie was rolling here, with straggling bunches of sage grass and now and then a stunted tree or cluster of bushes, the outposts of the hill forests beyond. As he came to the top of one of the rolling elevations Timbrell checked his horse with a savage oath, throwing a curved hand over his eyes to shield them from the alkali glare. A half-mile across the prairie was a solitary horse, with down-bending head. Evidently it was tethered, and just as evidently its rider was there somewhere behind the screening sage bush, perhaps sleeping, perhaps eating his lunch, possibly just waiting. A little to one side were several small trees. Very likely other horses and their riders were behind them, also waiting—for what? The solitary horse had been left in view by an oversight, or it might be by design, to bait some one forward thinking it a stray animal.

Timbrell threw a speculative glance backward. No one was in sight, but down below the horizon was something he had left. Better go ahead at whatever hazard. Beyond the possible ambush were the fastnesses of the hill forest.

Shielding himself behind his horse and still walking, he moved forward slowly, his rifle held in readiness for instant use. One-half the distance, two-thirds, three-fourths, and there was no sign of hostile demonstration, only the horse standing with down-bent head. Then he saw that the horse was not tethered, and that below the head was an extended form, half-hidden by the bunch grass.

Not until he was within a dozen yards did he discover that the form was a woman, and that a small bundle was lying by her side, and more, that one arm of the woman was reaching feebly toward the bridle rein as though striving to remount and proceed on her journey. Timbrell uttered another imprecation, suppressed some what; but the rifle was lowered.

The woman heard his approach and her face turned eagerly.

"Thank God! somebody's come!" she cried feebly. "Help me on my horse now, quick. I'm dyin', an' ain't no strength to get up by myself. I must take my baby back to Peco before I give up."

"Oh, I reckon ye ain't so bad's that," grunted Timbrell, deprecatingly. He had little knowledge of women and less of babies. The scowl on his face made him hideous. But the woman did not notice that. He was a human being in a desolation when she thought she was dying alone and leaving her little one helpless. Already the indications of the end were glazing her eyes. Timbrell had lived with death and knew the signs. With a man he would have said so brutally; but a woman was an unknown element in his experience, and he temporized, embarrassed:

"You're plumb worn out," he said, gruffly. "All ye need's restin' up. I'll start a fire an' cook some grub, an' then ye c'n start for Peco freshened up."

"No, no," the woman protested, raising herself to an elbow by a supreme effort. "I must start at once, before it's too late. My baby's only four months old, an' must have somebody to look out for him."

"Got friends in Peco?"

"No; but some woman'll be willin' to take him. I—I went out to the hill woods to look for my husband. Nobody'd tell me 'bout him, except he was gone. Will wa'n't a real bad man, an' I know he'd never leave me of his own self. I—I—" Her elbow gave way and she sank back upon the ground, gasping.

"Did ye find him?" gently.

A convulsive shudder went through the woman's frame. "He's—dead," she said, dreadfully. "I found they'd gone after him, an' an' it's on a tree out yonder—he's dead. I'd like to be dead, too, only for the baby." Again she tried to rise, but sank back. "I—I'm afraid it's too late now," she moaned. "I'm gettin' weaker. You'll have to take the baby—for—me—to—Peco—" She stopped, and he bent over her quickly. The woman was beyond any more trouble, but the baby was lying on the ground throwing its little arms into the air, its blue eyes fixed inquiringly upon the blue of the sky above. Timbrell rose to his feet and gazed down at them. Peco was the place he had left, toward which he had gazed back over his shoulder.

"Well, I'll be ——," he said, carelessly.

After a few minutes he went to the woman's horse and looked it over approvingly. It was a superb animal, and as he threw himself into the saddle the contractions on his face were made by a grin instead of a growl. But as he reached out to grasp the bridle of his own horse the face of the woman on the ground came beneath his gaze, and with angry impatience he slid from the saddle and began to dig a hole with his knife. A man would not have marked, but he could not leave a woman lying on the ground like that.

When the hole was made and the woman laid in it, he glanced again toward the baby. But though there were few things that Timbrell would hesitate to do, burying a live baby was one of them, and he hastily filled in the grave and then threw himself into the saddle and rode away.

But at the end of a dozen yards there came a queer sound to him, such as he had never heard before in his life, and he turned in his saddle and then swerved the horse and rode back. The baby had grown weary of gazing at the sky and was now calling in eager, imperious little notes for human companionship. It was not a cry or whine, but an order which the notes indicated a full confidence in being obeyed. Timbrell looked down and listened for some moments, then swung his body low, caught the baby up in his arms and went dashing at full speed toward the hills. And the baby, as though enjoying the motion and the companionship, looked up into his face and crowed unqualified approval. Presently one of its tiny hands came in contact with a big finger and closed about it tightly. It was a finger of the hand which held the reins, but Timbrell shifted the reins to the other. "I'll be ——," he said. But he said it softly, under his breath.

In the edge of the hills he stopped to get supper. The baby was crying now, not fretfully, but sharply, demanding to be fed. Timbrell had laid him down on the leaves, and several times while building the fire and preparing supper he turned and regarded him perplexedly. He was uncertain about his disposal, and had picked him up on impulse and with an idea of finding some more convenient way of getting rid of him. Assisting a man to die was one thing, assisting a helpless baby was something altogether different. There had been a lurking impression in his mind that a baby would die within a few hours, away from its mother, which would have solved the whole difficulty. But this vociferous mite seemed to be very far from dying, and somehow Timbrell felt a good deal of respect for him for his obstinacy. Of course, he must be fed.

Timbrell bent down and peered into the widely opened mouth.

"No teeth," he muttered, disappointedly, "so, of course, he can't chaw on beef, an' I don't reckon tobacco or whiskey would cuse his mind any; he's too little. Dough bread's what he needs, likely."

He went to his pack and took from it several pieces of hard bread which he had brought from Peco. A bit of this was crumbled into some water in a tin cup and stirred with his finger until it was thoroughly soaked and soft. This he took to the baby.

"Now, how am I goin' to feed him?" he wondered. "I s'pose babies generally have spoons an' things for their housekeepin', an' of course I can't pour this stuff into that pin-point of a mouth without chokin' him. Let's see."

He reached down and cut a generous piece from the leg of one of his heavy boots. This he twisted into a cone, with one end very small, and fastened the overlapping edges with thorns. Then, awkwardly, he raised the baby upon his lap, poured the contents of the tin cup into the cone, and dangled the small end into the open mouth.

Perhaps the baby had an iron-clad stomach, perhaps he was very near to starving; possibly, for some unknown physiological reason, the food exactly agreed with him. At any rate, he ate it eagerly, to the last drop, and when the cone was empty he rubbed his hands forgiving and crowed gleefully into the face of his grinning nurse, evidently taking the hideous contortions of the countenance above him for something arranged especially to amuse him. Timbrell forgot his own supper in watching, and when, after ten minutes of playing, the baby yawned and stretched sleepily and then snuggled its head in under his coat for a nap, he gave utterance to his favorite expression: "Well, I'll be ——!"

The last affair at Peco called for a long retirement from public notice; but in less than three months a cattleman, whose ranch was near the hills, brought a note to the sheriff of Peco, which he had found fastened to the neck of one of his cattle, with a gold nugget for special delivery. The note read:

Mr. Sheriff: Can't you an' me make up an' make a new deal? You couldn't catch me till hell froze over, an' you know it, an' 'cept, you said so I couldn't pa an' live near people in jail as here. Now, I've got a little skezooks for baby, an' you know I'll beat save, claim that ever walked. But the kids ain't no place for babies, an' I want to take him where I can bring him up right. Can't ye see the funk people, an' all the chores an' sort of talk it over? The twenty thousand an' the papers I took from the bank are hid in the rocks here, but they can wait 'till we all have pull round, an' the money ain't never been took from the bag I grabbed it in. Of course, I don't take the deal to you, but you know most of 'em pounded long into me. But I'll do everything I can, an' if you'll sort o' straighten things out I'll come back an' be the best sport for the sake of skezooks.

You can send your answer an' have it tied to the tree that Bakkin' stuck close in by the hills. If it stays there several weeks I'll happen 'round and read it. This is all peaceful intentions.

TIMBRELL.

The sheriff of Peco read this note thoughtfully, and then took it to the bank and the jewelry store and some other places. The result of the conference was a note which was sent and fastened to the big tree by a special messenger, and which Timbrell was examining almost before the messenger was out of sight.

An hour later Timbrell was on his way back, with his baby and the two horses.

TALE OF A GHOST

How It Returned His Friend's Book.

Col. John L. Grubs of Richmond, Va., a former assistant postmaster of that city, and one of the old-time gentlemen and plantation owners of the state, is authority for the following story, which he declares can be authenticated by a number of well-known people, says the San Francisco Call.

Col. Grubs is not a believer in ghosts or psychic phenomenon of any description, and has no theory of his own to account for the incident which he related to the writer one night when the conversation had drifted into the supernatural.

"I had two bachelor friends," he said, "with whom I used to hunt a great deal in the bird season. Out of season we would get together whenever we could and talk over our favorite books and other topics of kindred interest. Everybody who knows me knows to whom I refer, and as one of the parties met a tragic death the figures of this story will be pretty well recognized at once.

"My bachelor friends got closer together when I married, and to speak to one was nise to say something to the other. They took it in turns spending the evenings with each other, Charlie going to Dick's apartments every night for a week, and vice versa.

"Each had a special chair for the other on either side of the open fire in winter and side by side on the balcony in summer. They were as particular as a couple of old maids in this respect and some others, one of which was not to exceed a certain number of drinks an evening, except on very special occasions.

"The work was in three volumes, two treating of southern songsters and one of Virginia birds exclusively. They started in on the latter and read with delight of their old acquaintances of the forests and James river marshes.

"Dick valued this volume very highly, so highly, in fact, that he didn't quite like the idea of Charlie taking it out with him one afternoon to read in a favorite haunt, near the old reservoir.

"That night, the first in years, Charlie was absent from his accustomed seat near Dick. The latter was so disturbed that the next morning he went around to his friend's home, only to find that they supposed Charlie to have spent the evening with him, as he often did.

"During the day there was no news of him. The next day it was decided to drag the reservoir, and the body of his lifelong friend was found.

"It was a sad blow to Dick, who found himself completely at a loss without Charlie. Everything reminded him of the dead man—his pipes, his books, the empty chair, the empty glasses that he turned down every night as he poured his own drink and gulped it down in sorrow.

"It was long before he thought of the missing book on Virginia birds, the book which Charlie had taken with him on that fateful walk. What could have become of it? It was probably lying at the bottom of the old reservoir, where his friend had perished.

"The fire was bright, and opposite him was Charlie's empty chair. On a little table at his side were the decanter and two empty glasses. He filled his own and tried to forget, but he could not.

"The following night he again sat by the fire staring at the vacant chair on the other side of the hearth and thinking how empty his life was without his old chum. Again the thought of the missing book returned to his mind and would not be dismissed.

"The fire died down, and he got up to put on a fresh log. When he sat down it was in Charlie's chair. As he did so Charlie strode into the room in his old fashion."

At this moment the colonel interrupted his narrative long enough to say: "And this is the story just as Dick told it to me. He did not feel surprised, at least not any more so than at the sudden appearance of a friend who had been long absent. There was nothing uncanny about the appearance of Charlie. He looked just as he did the afternoon he came to borrow the volume on Virginia birds.

"'Why, Charlie, hang it,' said Dick, 'I thought you were dead.'

"'So I am, replied Charlie; 'I was drowned.'

"'Preposterous, man! Here you are, as natural as ever. Come, take a drink. You don't know how I have missed you.'

"'I am dead, old man,' said Charlie, 'but I could not rest until I got that book off my mind. I knew how much you thought of it and how much you would worry over it. None of the things I have done or left undone have worried me. It was the book, the book, the book all the time. I carried it along the road, but loitered on the way, and it was almost dark when I came to Billie's blacksmith shop. It was too late to read, and I left the book there, intending to return for it.

"'Old boy, I did not get a chance to start back, but the book is at Billie's.'

"Charlie was gone.

"Dick found himself starting from his chair and saying: 'But for God's sake, Charlie, don't you pull out like that—'

"But there was no sign of his friend.

"And," added the colonel, "the book was found at Billie's."

Professors' Small Salaries.

The salary paid to professors at the University of Cambridge, England, averages only $2,750.

HOW TO BE LUCKY ALWAYS.

George Salsberry, mining operator, returned from Rawhide yesterday convinced that advice is not always worthless. He told about it at the St. Francis last evening.

"Talk about advice being cheap," he said, "I tell you a man often gets mighty valuable advice, and from entire strangers, too. It shows we're all akin and that the milk of human kindness is ever ready to flow if we hold a pail for it.

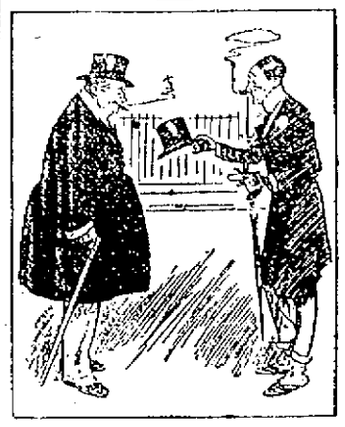
"There was Turner—ever hear of him? He's prospector—at Rawhide. We were sitting in the hotel chinning, when along came a fellow who knew Turner slightly, but gave him the best advice in the world, and next week Turner struck it rich.

"'Been having any luck?' the fellow asked.

"Turner replied: 'Oh, good enough luck one day, and the next day no luck at all.'

"'Then work every other day only,' said the fellow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

REAL THRIFT.



Young Jones—Yes, I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a restaurant.

After All.

The longest road must end somewhere,
The highest hill must have a summit;
The deepest sorrow man can bear
Will cease if he may bravely dare
And nobly strive to overcome it.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Brave Man.

"Captain," said the first mate of the good ship Cauliflower while the storm was at its height, "the ship has sprung a leak, the water-tight compartments are full of water, and the vessel is going down. What shall we do?"

The gallant skipper's face blanched, but only for one-eighth of a second did he lost his self-control.

"Don't waste a moment," he replied. "Prepare at once an address thanking me for my coolness and heroism in the face of deadly and overwhelming peril. Let not a boat leave the ship's side until every man and woman has signed it."—Royal Magazine.

Why He [illegible]

One of the twins [illegible] the habit of hollying the other. The latter complained with such [illegible] that their father finally said to him:

"Why do you come to me? Why don't you do to him just what he does to you? If he hits you, why hit him back."

But the next day there was the same complaint.

"He hit me with a hammer," wailed the boy.

"Well, why didn't you hit him back?" demanded the father.

"I couldn't find another hammer."—Royal Magazine.

Not What Was Expected.

"Naomi," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."—Royal Magazine.

Doubly Grouchy.

"What's wrong this morning, old chap? You're looking cross."

"The trouble is that I've forgotten the grouch I had on when I started down here. The guard on the train said 'good morning' to me, and the shock drove it clear out of my mind."—Chicago Tribune.

All About Her.

Winkle—See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town.

Hinkle—What makes you think so?

Winkle—Well, she's the matron out at the insane asylum.—Judge.

Alone They Did It.

Clergyman (kindly)—And after you had committed this awful crime, the power of prayer prevailed to show you to yourself in all your hideousness. Was it not so?

Repentant Murderer—No, sir; 'twas the picture of me in the newspapers.

Solemn Thought.

Pensively the soubrette who was touring the provinces applied the coloring mixture to her hair in the solitude of her own room.

"How sad it is," she murmured, "to dye so far from home!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

AGENTS FOR HERALD

Rockingham Hotel, State St.
Moses Bros., Congress St.
B. M. Tilton, Market St.
News Stand, B. & M. station.
S. A. Preble, South St.
G. A. Norton, Greenland.
W. C. Hildreth, York Beach, Me.
J. L. Holland, York Village, Me.
H. M. Curtis, New Castle.
Batchelder's News Stand, Exeter.
Wentworth House, New Castle.
Oceanic House, Isles of Shoals.
Appledore House, Isles of Shoals.
W. C. Walker, Rye.
Fred Abrams, Kittery, Me.
Walker's Variety Store, Kittery, Me.
J. H. Macy, Kittery, Me.
Austin Googins, Kittery, Me.
Fred H. Marden, Kittery Point, Me.
Arthur Seawards, Kittery Point, Me.
W. F. Cousins, Ogunquit, Me.
H. G. Moulton, Wells Corner, Me.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

JULY, 22.

SUN RISES ..... 5:27 | SGOOD TIDES (Boston A. M.
SUN SETS..... 7:11 | (15:30 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 13 47 | FULL SEA.. (07.30 P. M.

New Moon, July 29th, 2h. 12m., morning. P.
First Quarter, Aug. 5th, 3h. 30m., morning. W.
Full Moon, Aug. 13th, 11h. 54m., evening. W.
Last Quarter, Aug. 19th, 1h. 36m., evening. W.

CITY BRIEFS

Have you seen the whale?

The police have having quite a busy summer.

The Seabrook automobile trap is still working.

Many picnickers have been disappointed today.

Get your bright, lively local news by reading the Herald.

Have your shoes repaired at John Scott's, 31 Congress street.

It has been a bad day for the man who left his umbrella at home.

The Glidden tourists were at Rangley Lakes on Tuesday night.

The wrecked public bathhouse is still high and dry on Four Tree Island.

Berries are both scarce and more expensive than they were twelve months ago.

The Hallinan Boys have declined all inducements to become members of the Burdock Club.

Quamphegan Park base ball Saturday July 25, Cochecco vs. Salmon Falls Game called at 3 o'clock.

There were many from this city who attended the dancing party at the Navy Yard last evening.

There was a rumor around last night of an automobile accident but it proved to be only a rumor.

The cadet fleet is expected here on Friday next and, with the exception of a few cruises for target practice, will remain here until August 8.

Strangers in Portsmouth are greatly likely to make remarks about the painted Gothic arches built of brick and used for chimney cans in this city. Are they really a characteristic of this part of the country?

The Ocean Boulevard is to get another coating of oil. The street sprinkling commission in this city have not tried the venture on Richards avenue for which they asked and received permission to do.

Frederick W. Shontell of Manchester, one of the candidates for councillor, has a large number of friends in this section. He is one of the most popular young men in the Queen City and his friends hope for his success.

The Atlantic Telegraph Co., No. 75 Congress street, will send and deliver your telegrams to Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Exeter, Dover, Biddeford and Portland on a special rate of 20c. You save 20 per cent on a dollar by using the Atlantic Co. T. C. Lesley, Manager.

Want a beach lot FREE?

If so, call at

C. E. Trafton's Office

and learn conditions

MORE LETTERS FROM WINNERS

Evidence of Hold That the Prize Contest Took upon People of Portsmouth

The people of Portsmouth are still talking of the Herald's great hundred-dollar prize contest and congratulating the winners who were announced last Saturday.

The Herald has received the following additional letters of good will from successful contestants:

The Things They Planned to Buy

Portsmouth, N. H.,
July 21, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:—We, the children who took part in your contest, all enjoyed it very much.

But you see we all planned to get the ten dollar prize, and I think if you should see all the things we planned to buy it would astonish you greatly.

We enjoyed the writing of our essays and I for one spent their full hours on mine.

And now I will close hoping you will have another contest and thanking you for this one.

Sincerely yours,
ETHEL W. KENNEY.

She Read Them All, Day by Day

To the Editor of the Herald,

Dear Sir:—I desire to take this method of expressing my thanks and great surprise of being one of the prize winners of the Short Story contest, just completed.

I enjoyed reading the stories every day as they were printed in the Herald and decided to add one more to the many sent in by the scholars who took interest in the contest. My greatest surprise was that of reading my name among the many fortunate winners.

ROSEMARY RYAN.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Annie E. Wilson

Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, wife of Robert E. Wilson, died this forenoon at her home on Bridge street, aged thirty-nine years.

Don't Buy That New Piano

Without due consideration of the many claims of superiority possessed by those instruments we are now showing. First of all, our pianos

Excel in Tone Quality

not necessarily in *quantity*. A *loud noise*, isn't always good musical tone.
Next—They are durable.
Lastly—They are enclosed in artistic and well finished cases. Such pianos as the *Chickering*, *Emerson*, *Packard*, and *Merrill* should not be overlooked.

MONTGOMERY'S
6 Pleasant Street Opp. Postoffice

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Mary I. Wood leaves on Thursday for Winona Lake, Indiana, to attend a convention.

Fred Parrott, yard master at Fitchburg, Mass., is passing a few weeks at his former home in Kittery.

Mrs. Nellie Mathes Horn, who has been passing a few days at her home here, went to Magnolia yesterday.

Miss Flossie Lord of Rock street will leave tomorrow for York Beach to pass a few weeks as the guest of Miss Madge Parsons.

Mrs. William H. Fay, who has been passing several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Jones, left today for Petrolia, Ont.

Mrs. William Marston Seabury and two daughters of White Plains, N. Y., are the guests of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Henry E. Hovey of State street.

Changes announced in the department of commerce and labor at Washington include the promotion of Arthur J. Ela of New Hampshire from deck officer to aid in the coast survey at $900 a year.

Mrs. Winfield Idiorne of Haverhill, Mass., arrived Tuesday to be the guest of Mrs. A. J. Morey at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Frances Pettigrew of Islington street.

Miss Margaret Southerland is passing a few weeks in Boston.

Mrs. Emma M. Sinclair of Brookline, Mass., formerly of Portsmouth, was fined $10 in Boston Tuesday, for overspeeding her automobile June 21. She stated that she was carrying to get a physician for a delegate who had been taken ill at the convention of clubwomen.

PERSONALS

Mr. W. T. Merrissey of Boston, passed yesterday in this city.

Mr. Alfred Quimby of this city, passed Tuesday in Manchester.

Mrs. F. W. Batchelder of Manchester is the guest of friends in this city.

W. F. Lowe and family of Miller avenue are at Milton, N. H., for the season.

J. R. Rooks, fuel agent for the Boston and Maine railroad, is here today on business.

Miss Blanche Bell of the G. B. French Co.'s store is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Brown of Port Chester N. Y., are registered at the Rockingham hotel.

Mrs. Guy Sumpter and Miss Anna Sumpter of Dallas, Tex., are passing a few days in this city.

Miss Elizabeth Brennan of Dover attended the funeral of Henry Quinlan in this city yesterday.

Miss Julia Conlon is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from her duties at the store of the G. B. French Co.

Mrs. A. J. Walbridge who has been passing a few days in this city has returned to her home in Manhester.

Mrs. Olive Leavitt of Nashua, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Georgie Nelson on Commercial street has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Waldo Smith and Miss Lucy A. Smith and Miss Adele B. Thayer of Brookline, are passing a few days in this city.

Daniel J. Tracy, brew master at the Frank Jones Brewing Company, sailed on Tuesday on an extended trip to Ireland and England.

BRILLIANT PARTY AT NAVY YARD

Officers Of Yard And Ships The Hosts --- Big Equipment Sail Loft Handsomely Decorated Ball Room

The big equipment sail loft at the navy yard was transformed into a beautiful dance hall on Tuesday evening, when one of the most brilliant society dances held at the yard for years was given. Captain Moore and the officers of the navy yard, with the officers from the Chester Dubuque and Eagle were the hosts and there was a large gathering of the society people of the city and the naval people who are summering in this section at present.

The big room had been handsomely decorated with flags and bunting and the Naval Band furnished music for the dancing which was from eight until ten o'clock. The government ferry made special trips during the evening to accomodate the guests from this city.

PORTSMOUTH VETS

Want a Try at the Handtub That Has Been in the City of Late

Editor of the Herald:—I note in Portsmouth's morning daily that the new handtub, which was given a try out by one of the social clubs, has proven to be too antiquated for the purpose for which it was intended.

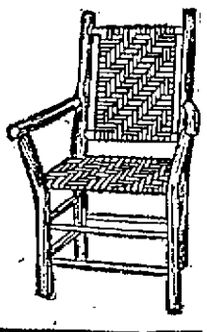
Now, as any sport loving person desires to see fair play for all before anything is condemned, it would only be a matter of justice to let the True W. Priest vets give this handtub a trial and find out just what she will do; and by so doing she would be handled by men of good judgment and years of experience.

The bitter feeling which appears to have existed toward the Portsmouth vets ever since they have had the distinction of bringing a prize home with them, should not exist at all as we are all working for the glory and popularity of Portsmouth. Come, Franklin Pierce, bury the hatchet and let's be friends.

Member Portsmouth Vets.

Mrs. Leslie Carter Payne, who two years ago was married in this city, is in the bankruptcy court and admits liabilities of $200,000. Her assets are nothing.

Summer furniture



Only a few pieces left of the celebrated Old Hickory Furniture

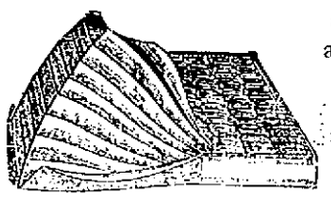
They won't last long
Do you need one this summer?

See the Porch Swing Bed or Couch

in our Deer Street window—the kind that is suspended from the ceiling.

We have still a good selection in Porch Chairs and Rockers

This Mattress is made of pure white Cotton Felt, and Hand made, we guarantee it as being perfectly clean and sanitary. We claim it the best made for the price we name. Made in two parts.



The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,
COR. VAUGHAN AND DEER STREETS.

AMONG THE YACHTSMEN

Portsmouth Visited by Pleasure Seekers From Several Places

Myob, the cruising launch owned by Will B. Putnam of Squam River, near Ipswich, arrived yesterday for a short stay, then left for Portland on a two weeks' cruise.

The large yacht Marion, of which Frank Peavey of Newmarket is part owner, arrived here yesterday from Savin Hill, Mass., and left last evening for Newmarket for a week's cruise.

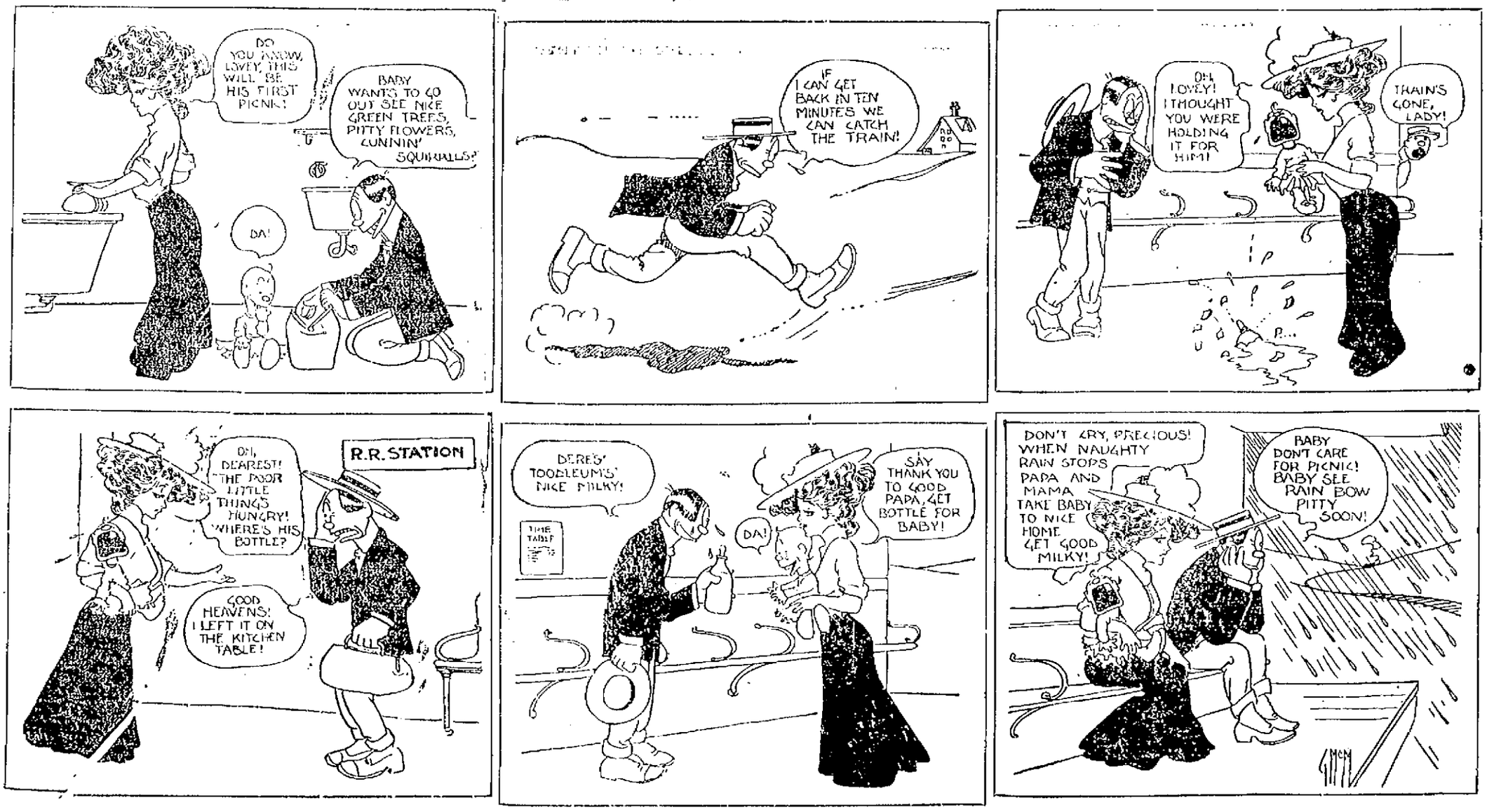
The cruising launch Marike left for Newburyport this morning, where she will await the arrival from Boston of I. S. Fuller, the owner, who is a guest at the Farragut, and convey him to that hotel.

WANTED

Protestant lady of integrity for two months' work, one interested in church and Sunday school work preferred. Salary $1.00 per day. Address "Lady" care Herald

With good weather and plenty of stone Middle street had ought to be finished in two weeks time.

The Newlyweds---Their Baby

By George McManus

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